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What College Means to Me.*

It is difficult to put into words the changes College makes in one's life. Entrance into this new phase of life is an exciting experience. The impressions that one has after nearly a year of it are so general that it is difficult to point to certain things and say, "College has done this for me." When one tries to enumerate the gains that have come from college life, it seems that almost everything can be attributed to the teaching and atmosphere of the college. One is then inclined to approach the problem from the opposite angle, namely, "What has college failed to do for me that it might have done?"

From the very first day of my college career I felt that I had come into an atmosphere different from anything I had known before. I found intellectuality and serenity. It was majestic: everything was grand, and its immediate effect on my mind—indirect, yet strong enough to make me conscious of it—was to make me feel very inadequate to the situation. This feeling is very strong in one who, like myself, comes from a place where there are very few educated people. He comes to college thinking that, because he has passed his matriculation examinations, he possesses vast knowledge. But this new atmosphere dwarfs the whole structure built on pride. The shock is great. Its effect is scarcely less than that of an earthquake. Soon he begins to feel that he knows nothing and regards himself as truly a "dehati". But the worth of the college atmosphere is not so much in making everyone who comes under its influence feel that he is nowhere in the realm of knowledge as in its power to inspire them to make themselves fit for the situation in which they are. That is why it is wholesome. It not only makes a man feel his shortcomings, but also provides him with the means of filling up the gap. Very soon a new fire—a strong desire to bring one's self up to that standard—is kindled. I was not an exception to this.

The first day of my life in college I was sitting in a classroom awaiting the professor; the grandeur and the serenity of my new surroundings had greatly impressed me. When the professor entered

* A re-print from the "Indian Witness",

the room the first word he said was, "Gentlemen", and the word had a peculiar effect on me. I began to feel that I was a gentleman, and no longer a school boy. "The world now takes me", I said to myself, "to be a gentleman and I must behave like one". Almost unconsciously a sort of dignity came into my bearing, and since then my attitude has, I hope, ceased being childish. For me the standard of life was raised to a higher level. What high school life could not give me in seven years this new life had given me in a single term.

I like the new life so much that I began to feel that it would be fine if we could turn all the buildings of the world into colleges—the shrines of knowledge, the mountain top of pure atmosphere. I wished that I could always remain in college, and congratulated myself on being able to enjoy such a life. Then I began to look down from the mountain top and saw the misery of those hundreds of thousands to whom this opportunity is denied. But my pity turned to indifference, and I was on the way to joining that group of collegians whose "higher education" creates in them a tendency to keep aloof from the masses, and even to despise them. I was not far from this extremity of despising fellow-men when, by a seeming accident, I entered a Christian College.

Since it has been my privilege to study in a Christian College my life has undergone a change. The atmosphere here has something peculiar of its own, besides being intellectual, majestic, serene. I came to this Christian College in an attitude of indifference to suffering humanity. The beautiful and sacred atmosphere once again brought out a feeling of pity for the mass of uneducated people. Soon, under the Christian influence, sympathy began to take the place of mere pity, and I began to feel a sense of obligation. Under this new influence it was no longer possible for me to entertain the idea of keeping aloof—avoiding, as it were, the unholy touch of illiteracy. Where I am studying there are people who have made real sacrifices to carry on the work they are doing: the very foundation of the institution is laid on sacrifice, the great Sacrifice, that of the Cross. Here are men who are profound scholars, men of great culture, of large capacity, of unceasing industry, yet their lives are spent on seemingly small things, which we might think unworthy of their notice. The secret of the whole thing lies in the fact that they have a love so great that it makes them stoop down. They stoop—but they stoop to conquer. I loved knowledge; but I considered it too sacred to be taken into the by-ways and lanes. I enjoyed the height. I wished all were there. It was a painful thing for me to leave the height. But no sane person who comes under such Christian influence could continue to be blind to the fact that special opportunities place upon one special responsibilities. My privilege is no longer a privilege if I do not use it in the service of the unprivileged.

The Christian College has saved me from being a self-interested and self-contented wretch, and for saving me from being entirely self-centred I am greatly obliged to it. But the greatness of this institution consists not in having made me a shamed of myself, but in its constructive work for me. It cleared the house of its dirt, and, before the evil spirits could possess the cleansed dwelling, it placed there an altar to God. Now there rings through the house the refrain, "Freely thou hast received, freely give".

My college said, "You are a gentleman", and thus raised my respect for myself. It created for me a fine atmosphere in which I can get inspiration and power to serve others. Life may not be a continuously joyous song, but it is not, certainly, a mournful dirge, a long elegy. I kneel and pour out to my Master these words of the poet:

So this the wish I always wish,
The prayer I ever pray:
Let my life help the other lives,
It touches by the way.

G. B. GHATGE.
IV Form.

Afghanistan in the Melting Pot *

(By Prof. N. N. Ghosh, M. A., L. T.)

The recent revolution and civil war in Afghanistan needs more than a passing notice from informed and thoughtful writers on the subject. As far as we know the only connected accounts of the events of Afghanistan in 1928-29 have been presented to the public in the form of an article by the writer of this review in the February, 1930, issue of the *Modern Review*, and the booklet received by me a week ago for review.

The unfortunate ex-king Aman-ullah Khan had a big heart, a big mind and a large vision. His scheme of reform to rebuild Afghanistan as a powerful and advanced state to find its place in the comity of great nations failed, partly on account of Aman-ullah's impatience for speed but largely due to the stupid obstinacy, woeful ignorance of the Afghan people, baneful influence of the reactionary Mullahs and other interested parties. Aman-ullah's tragic exit from the field of action and from his rightful place in his country excites pity, but never anger or contempt. We do not know who this Mr. Morrish really is or what his office or work was while he was in India during those troublous times in Afghanistan. In his words, the writer of the booklet under review Mr. Morrish, "was in the closest connection with Afghanistan during the recent revolt, having lived throughout the troublous days in Peshawar (N.-W. F. P.) and in outlying districts on India's North-West border"

*By C. Morrish printed at the 'Civil and Military' Press, Lahore, pp 1-61.

And since then "has been able to complete my information concerning the facts connected with the revolution and after collecting personally news in Afghanistan, India and England, venture to give an account of event as they were, from the early days of Aman-ullah's reign to the present day". But this presumably well informed writer has not a single word of praise or appreciation for Aman-ullah's noble character and unquestioned patriotism. He has not a word of regret at the failure of the patriotic king's schemes for the political, social, and economic regeneration of his country. On the other hand, the writer has given a positively harmful picture of that great Afghan who one day will certainly be worshipped by the future generations of Afghans as a hero and a martyr. The writer says: "He (Aman-ullah) failed miserably and, upon the first signs of danger he fled ignominiously to Italy, there to live upon his gains taken from Kabul, there to dream of what might have been and to regret precipitate and headstrong actions which he might have known would lead to revolt and war and worse." The author attempts to convey the idea that Aman-ullah knowingly created mischief to plunge the country in civil war. What interest had he to court trouble like that? It is an untrue and biased estimate of the ex-king. In another place the author says: "Aman-ullah Khan possessed of the throne wealthy and with a strong army, fled at the first signs of revolution. And adept in the art of giving lip service, yet he proved himself weak, inefficient hopelessly conceited and appallingly ignorant". This is another piece of untruth. * Writers of History have the unique privilege and liberty of condemning a man if the latter really deserves condemnation. But the mere love of adjectives and the deliberate sacrifice of truth, and good judgment to satisfy a bias or to support a favourite viewpoint makes a poor historian and reduces his writing to mere propaganda. Those who have known Aman-ullah as a man and those who have followed his career and his activities with sympathies or those who have worked with him and known him intimately have a different estimate of the ex-king. Let us quote the words of one of these men who can speak with personal knowledge and authority. Mr. Agha Ahmad Khan who was on the personal staff of Aman-ullah Khan for seven years, interviewed by an associated press representative at Peshawar, on February 19, 1929, said: "Aman-ullah was an ideal ruler. He regularly prayed for the amelioration of Afghanistan after every Nimaz. He was a noble hearted and patriotic King, the like of which the Afghans had never seen. The ex-King's love for his nation overpowered him so much that all the reforms were introduced in rapid succession though his councillors were in favour of introducing them by instalments. If Aman-ullah is not successful in regaining his lost throne which catastrophe every wellwisher of Afghanistan heartily wishes to

*The reader is asked to refer to my article 'The Afghan Civil War'—1928-29 in the February, 1930, issue of the Modern Review wherein he will find the circumstances and the object of his abdication and flight from Kabul.

be avoided, a time will come when the people of Afghanistan will remember a benefactor like Aman-ullah and curse themselves and those Mullahs and priests who have been instrumental in depriving Afghanistan of the services of such a well-meaning, energetic and patriotic king". Such is the man whom the author of the booklet under review has damned as an 'adept in the art of giving lip-service, weak, inefficient, hopelessly conceited and appallingly ignorant'. If it is not propaganda it is not history at least. The author concludes his book-let with a certificate for the present King Nadir Shah: "It is hoped that King Nadir Shah may be spared to continue the government of the country in which he has staked his all and may yet see the fruits of his labours, of his self-denial and of his ever constant and unwavering patriotism". We do not doubt that King Nadir Shah is an able general and a great patriot. But what we doubt is the King Nadir Shah's 'self-denial'. To leave a lonely villa in France where he lived in virtual exile, cut off from his family in Afghanistan, and then to sit on the Afghan throne to which he had no pretence of claim is certainly not 'self-denial'. We watched General Nadir Shah's wonderful campaign against Bachchai-Saqo with admiration—his patience, wisdom, cool-headed judgment and his successful conversion of the tribes. But how did he use his victory? Did he hold any representative *Jirgah* of all the tribes including the pro Aman-ullah tribes to sound a real public opinion whether the country wanted Aman-ullah back on the throne? The *Jirgah* he held has been characterized by a distinguished Afghan as 'farce.' Did the General offer the crown to Aman-ullah on any a condition which Aman-ullah might accept and which also should have satisfied the orthodox opinion of Afghanistan? In the absence of a real and sincere effort at restoration by Nadir Khan, we hesitate to accept the author's certificate of 'self-denial'. Who knows that the General Nadir Khan did not fall into temptation and deliberately gave up the roll of king maker for the sake of the throne?

Money and Marriage.

Money is a painted evil. It bears an inherent enchantment about it. Even the crystal-clear heart of an innocent child reflects a desire to possess it. He will weep and weep, and kick and cry, to be given the round little thing he has seen. All the affectionate motherly devices to suckle him will fail. The tenderest kisses will, for a time, lose their healing power; and the united wisdom of the house to console him will prove abortive. He will not be quiet unless the parents make an unconditional surrender in his favour.

The whole thought of the present world is occupied by a single object—money. The sacred shrine of our heart is desecrated by

‡Read 'The Afghan Civil War' 1928-29—Modern Review, February, 1930.

its life-long occupation of the image of Mammon. "Rapine, avarice, expense, these we adore." Pupils of Midas, and Shylock, we make a joint bonfire of every elevating thought at the altar of money. Followers of Judas Iscariot, we can be easily driven to any extreme with a rod of silver or gold. We are no more swayed by moral and humanitarian considerations; and turn with the wind. Our selfishness has vitiated even the holy marriage institution, and has reduced it to the status of a market.

Marriage is a sacred tie in every religion. In Hinduism, especially, 'one gives one's faith but once.' When joined in wedlock, the couple must share the common weal and woe, the sweetest sunshine, and the roughest weather. They must blend their individualities in a higher unity. Now, let us fathom the depth of misery caused by our present-day marriage system in the light of these facts.

The condition of the Indian women in this respect is poignant. The fair sex is subjected to foulest crimes. The delicate toys of God are most roughly handled. The weaker vessels are dealt the hardest hits. Verily, they are crucified at a cross of gold. Our dowery system is fatal for ideal marriages. It prevents the union of the best with the best. We little realise the gravity of the situation; and at once refer to the silver balance to estimate the worth.

The heavenly girl is a perpetual nuisance to the family, and a burden to her parents. Either they must starve in their house, and give their all in marriage; or let her starve in a poor father-in-law's house, and smother the echoes of a filial heart. They are between the horns of a cruel dilemma. While they waver between the sacrifice of their 'daughter,' and the sacrifice of their 'dollar' the fate of the poor girl hangs in the balance. The continuous smile of her youthful face gives place to pale anxiety. She invokes all the known and unknown deities for a favourable swing of balance. The sweet refreshment of her sleep is poisoned by terrible dreams. Dry sorrow drinks her blood; and even the encircling arms of her female companions seem to lose their soothing efficacy for a while.

There is another black side of the problem. The parents, sometimes, use their daughters as deliverers from economic distress. The latter are used like sheep and goats to meet the financial difficulties of the parents in which they are not seldom involved. The innocent girl is no better than a lowly cow in the hand of a butcher, or a pet goat ready for sacrifice. As the poor creature is garlanded, and beautified before the solemn hour of the 'puja'; so the unlucky girl is bedecked with dazzling jewelry, and gold-embroidered 'saris' before her suicidal marriage. Phials of oil are emptied over her head, the hairs are parted with scrupulous exactness, and every

effort is made to lop off her natural beauty. Every heart is seen overflowing with joy about her. But alas! There is a heart-spring concealed amidst these bubbling fountains which sinks and sinks, and knows no rise. Surely, the haggard looking old man with wrinkled forehead, and furrowed cheeks, together with a dozen other physical infirmities and negations, is in no way fit to be a lovable companion for a lily-faced sweet complexioned, tender girl, who has grown like a hot-house plant, shielded from every trivial roughness, and nourished with heaven's delicate distillations.

The red-letter day prophesied by the learned pandits, however, arrives. The so-called marriage is solemnised at the particular auspicious moment with every accuracy to the decimal point. Hours roll on, and the day of departure for the marriage party dawns, waking up the whole household to life and activity. The mother throws herself round the neck of the daughter and, duly assisted by her eyes, wets her garments to an area of one and a half feet square. Other female members of the house and the neighbourhood also approach one after another to shed a fairly good quantity of crocodile tears. The father, and others of his age, advise her in brief to outshine Sita and Savitri, while the remaining few seek shelter behind the usual pretext—"While the heart is full, the words are few."

The dove is finally captured, brought, and encaged. The wounded bird buries the pain in the recesses of her bosom, and tries in vain to conceal the arrow preying on her vitals. Very soon, a day comes when her bleeding heart gives way like a half-baked earthen vessel at the slightest mischance. You will wonder that one who, but lately glowed with all the radiance of youth and beauty should so untimely go to the darkness and the worm. The doctors will emphasise the malarial fever, and the abdominal pain. The same voice will be gramophoned by all others. But, alas! No one knows of the mental agony, which sapped her spirit, and paralysed her youthful energy, never to put forth bud or blossom.

Such is the tragic lot of many of our sisters who live unhonoured and die unsung.

SHRI NARAYAN SINGH,

2nd Year Arts.

No Tea Leaves.

"Lorzie" exclaimed Rosie, as she sat unpacking the Lunch-basket.

"What is it?", enquired Col. Lumsden as he saw black despair on his daughter's beautiful face.

"We have forgotten tea leaves. Now what shall we do", wailed Rosie.

Col. Lumsden, his daughter and her three girl friends had motored down to a forest 30 miles from the Colonel's residence to have tea by the stream that flowed through it. There were no young men with them. It was because the Colonel held all young men in distrust. In fact he believed all young men were fortune-hunters. He had a pretty large sum in the bank. As Rosie was his only child he had forbidden her to make any acquaintance with men.

Col. Lumsden was very fond of two things : his daughter and his afternoon tea. He took his tea punctually at four in the afternoon. It would have fared ill with the cook if his tea were delayed by a minute. And now they were 30 miles away from home and there were no tea leaves. He lit a cigarette and looked anything but cheerful. Leaving aside himself, what about the girls whom he had invited to tea ? It was downright shameful. What could he do ? He couldn't possibly go 30 miles to get tea. He sat on the footboard of his car and kicked his cigarette in manly disgust.

"Excuse me, but I couldn't help hearing you say that you've forgotten to bring tea leaves. Allow me to offer you some of mine", said a young handsome man with the most pleasant smile. Colonel Lumsden looked up and saw that he was the young man whom he had noticed fishing a few yards down the stream. He had been regarding him with disfavour for many a time he had caught him in the act of staring at his daughter. But his distrust vanished at the prospect of tea.

"Thank you, but I won't dream of taking your tea unless you promise to take tea with us", said the Colonel.

"And that I shall most readily promise", replied the young man.

"We are much obliged to you for saving our tea-party. Hope you will sometime come to our place. My daughter and I shall be pleased to have you at tea," said Col. Lumsden, wiping his mouth with a handkerchief after tea.

"I shall be delighted", said the young man with some alacrity.

After tea they all strolled away. Rosie and the young man lagged behind. "Rosie, you are wonderful. It was a capital idea to throw the packet away and pretend to have forgotten the tea. Nothing would have induced the old man to be my friend. You are a darling. Do you mind if I kiss you ?"

She did not.

SODHI,
III Form,

Roma.

"Mother! Mother Kali, fulfil the wishes of this poor man. Mother, thou wert also a maiden once, get a suitable match for my daughter." These were the words which fell from the lips of Jaideb Ganguly while he lay prostrate doing homage to the household deity. The poor man had a care-worn face with a pallor on his sunken cheeks. But as he got up from his prayer he looked much relieved and turned to leave the room. In doing so he saw his beautiful devoted wife, Hema, standing before him. She said. "What is the use of thinking so much? Come! food is ready and the day has advanced pretty far."

The poor man heaved a deep sigh and exclaimed, "I have no desire for food. Since day break I have been to several villages but with little success. Roma has grown up and we have already been an object of ridicule to our neighbours."

The lady's face was overcast with sorrow, as if a patch of cloud had suddenly darkened a clear autumnal sky. Big tears rolled down her cheeks. Hema realised the tumult of her husband's mind and said, "Let people say what they will. It is now a fashion among the rich to marry their daughters when they are quite grown up. In big cities young girls are never married. Why are you so anxious? What Mother Kali will do, will come to pass; you can do nothing in spite of so much anxiety."

Jaideb mournfully said, "of course I can do nothing. What can a man do? Everything depends on our all merciful Kali. I know all this, but nevertheless I cannot help being uneasy."

Hema said, "Better settle with that poor boy of Kansipur. It won't cost so much."

"Don't ask me to do that. Though we are reduced to such straits, I cannot persuade myself to make my daughter over to that boy. My forefathers have always given their daughters in marriage to men of equal social standing. Any deviation on my part will bring nothing but shame on the ancient family of Gangulies," said Jaideb.

"Then do one thing," replied Hema. "Marry Roma to Sarat. Sarat is a suitable match and over darling Roma is also fond of him. When Sarat's mother was alive, she used to say, "Sister, I will have Roma as my daughter-in-law."

The poor man felt a lump in his throat and with great difficulty said, "Hema! There are obstacles to that also. I know Sarat is a promising youth, but he has no home and looks to his uncle for support. Roma is our only daughter. Though we are poor we have spared no expense over her and have tried in our own way to bring her

up in comfort. I wish to marry my daughter in a family where she will not have to shoulder the household burden soon after she is married." "But don't you remember," said Hema, "that the very day I entered the house the cares of the household fell upon me. My father-in-law and mother-in-law were dead. My sister-in-law instead of being a source of inspiration in the management of the house put all sorts of obstacles in my way. But have I ever been unhappy? No, not even for a moment. Pray, listen to me. Bestow Roma on Sarat and I assure you she will be happy."

Said Jaideb, "I understand that much. Sarat will see better days no doubt. But his uncle is a veritable Jew. He has brought up his nephew simply to serve his own selfish ends. He has frittered away his property in litigation and expects to reap a rich harvest out of Sarat's marriage. I would spend my little all to buy my daughter's happiness; but even the disposal of all my earthly belongings will not be enough to satisfy his greed."

Hema. "My ornaments as well as my pin-money savings are at your disposal."

Jaideb. "Even that won't do. Hema! Sarat's uncle wants a couple of thousand hard cash."

Hema. "Now the food is getting cold. Pray come and take it."

Just as Jaideb was about to sit down for his breakfast, a voice, "Is Ganguly Mahashoy in?" was heard. Hira who was making hay on the outer verandah of the house came running in and said, "Baba! Three gentlemen have come in a Gharry and want to see you."

Without touching his food Jaideb hurried to see the gentlemen outside.

CHAPTER II.

With great courtesy Jaideb Ganguly offered seats to his visitors in the room attached to the verandah. They all squatted on the mat spread on the floor. After *pan* and tobacco, which are customary to Bengalis, had been served, Jaideb enquired as to where they had come from.

One of the visitors whose hair was streaked with grey and had a respectable look about him said, "we are coming from Nandagram. I am sure you have heard of Pratap Roy Chaudhry the zamindar of Nandagram."

Jaideb said, "Who does not know the late Pratap Roy? His name is a household word in every village in Bengal. His son Romen must be looking after his late lamented father's vast property. Isn't it?"

"I am Romen's maternal uncle" burst forth the man with grey hair. "I have heard that you have a daughter of marriageable age. I want to marry my nephew to her."

Thereupon Jaideb's face flushed with joy and in the dark corner of his heart now appeared a ray of hope which was like a sudden burst of sunshine in a bad weather, and he calmly replied, "I consider myself very lucky indeed for your having come upto me personally. We shall, however, talk the matter over later on. It is close upon 1 p. m. and if you kindly permit me to... .."

"I understand what you mean," rejoined the visitor, "we have had over breakfast and if God brings about the proposed union, you will have ample opportunities of playing our host. We are going to Calcutta on business. If possible, we would like to see your daughter before we proceed. You must have no objection, we hope."

Jaideb went in and called his wife Hema, who was mounting guard over the cover left untouched by her anxious husband. She thought fully enquired, "What is the matter?"

"Our misery has perhaps appealed to Mother Kali" he said, "A party has come from Nandagram with a marriage proposal. Just prepare a few choice dishes for the visitors and send for Roma immediately. See also that she is dressed up nicely. They seem to be in a hurry."

With these few words Jaideb went out. His hunger, thirst and care had disappeared. The prospect of an alliance with a big zamindar family was now the all engrossing thought in his mind. Pratap Roy's brother-in-law, Gobind Babu addressed Jaideb in the following words:—"My sister is nowadays keeping an indifferent health. She is anxious to go up-country for a change, but before she leaves home she would like to see Romen married. We have had several proposals from different quarters, but the good name of your family, has brought us here."

You are rich, while you see we are poor. You will be conferring on us an inestimable boon if you kindly accept my poor simple daughter. But shall I be able to meet your wishes so far as your dowry is concerned" said Jaideb.

Gobind, "You need have no fear on that score. We have no demands to make. We wont mind if you give away your daughter even with a pair of conch bangles in her hands.

Jaideb, "Then surely I am exceedingly fortunate. It was well that I had laid bare my woe-ridden heart before Mother Kali and it seem she has taken compassion on me after all. By the bye, may I know the educational qualifications of the boy?" Gobind

Babu with a laugh said, "Education does not matter much to a zamindar's son. But in any case Partap Roy was not unmindful of his son's studies. The boy has graduated this year from Calcutta University and topped the list of the successful candidates. Perhaps you know that he is now the owner of a big property."

"That I know! That I know!" Jaideb apologetically stammered out, "study or no study, Mother Lakshmi is always at the beck and call of a zamindar's son".

The priest, who was a member of the party and who was trying to speak, hastily seized the opportunity and said, "your would-be son-in-law is a man of all-sided activity. Through his zeal and energy a school and a library have been founded. He has given a princely donation to a school and has succeeded in ousting Brahmo-samaj from his village. All this has come to the notice of the Government who are, it is understood, going to confer some title on him soon. But everything depends on the good luck your daughter brings to the family".

The conversation was suddenly broken off by the appearance of Hira who announced, "Sister Roma is ready".

Roma came in radiating as it were, light and beauty in the room; every one was struck dumb with the bewitching loveliness of this poor man's girl. She was asked to sit near Gobind Babu. He took up her hand and looking at her palm enquired, "Daughter, what is your name?" In a soft and melodious voice and without raising her eyes from the ground this girl bashfully replied, "Roma".

This priest enjoyed a good reputation of discerning the good and bad qualities of a girl and in order to justify his good name, he had on several occasion in the past picked out the bad ones. But in this case he had nothing but all praise for her, for she was spotless.

Before he left his own house Gobind Babu had consulted his almanac. The day being auspicious, he at once took out five bright sovereigns, put them in her hand and offered her suitable benediction by placing a few grains of paddy and other auspicious things on her head. For the expenses of a treat to the neighbours he gave 5, Ten rupee notes in addition. Thus the preliminaries of the marriage were happily settled.

Mother Kali decreed the union of two unknown souls in this wise. What the result of the union would be no human eye could see and fortell.

Conches were freely blown and apparently there was great jubilation among the women folk, who had in the meantime collected

inside the house. The marriage was fixed on the 15th day of Phalgun and there were only seven days left for the happy occasion.

After partaking of some sweets etc., Gobind Babu and his party left. Any keen observer would at once have noticed that Gobind Babu now looked quite cheerful. He unburdened his mind thus, God has helped us. Now my sister's expectation of seeing her son married is to be realised. Who will care to entrust his daughter to such Jewel of a boy as my nephew is ? ”

Standing at the back door a youth with a mountful face was noticing all that was passing in the room where Rama was brought in. It was no other person than Sarat with whom Hema was so anxious to marry her only daughter. Alas ! why her wishes were not fulfilled. That I shall leave my gentle readers to reflect upon. Sarat, sad as he looked, now he took himself to a neighbouring garden where he sat how long I do not claim to know. Those of the readers who have been in a position identical with that of Sarat can well imagine the feelings that were agitating his mind ; and those, who are fortunate as not to have fallen victim to this, will earnestly analyse with unprejudiced mind the shock that had fallen on simple Sarat.

Now Jaideb went straight to his plate of rice which was waiting for him for a long time and attacked it with such vehemence that it was all empty in a few minutes. Seeing this Hema soon replenished it. Every morsel he took seemed to be more tasteful than the one that had preceded it. In sort everything cooked by his wife that day appeared to him exquisitely delicious. His wife, when she heard from her husband all about her prospective son-in-law, sincerely prayed, “ Mother Kali ! Let thy will be done.

S. K. SARAN,
IV Form.

Solitude.

“Oh solitude, first state of human kind !
Which blest remained till man did find
Even his own helper's company.
As soon as two, alas together joined
The serpent made us three.”

Generally a human being abhors solitude. We cannot, for a moment, be left alone, yet, it is only a truism that we should better be alone than in a company which influences us adversely. It has been said of Scipio, who was ‘ the most worthy, most happy and the greatest of mankind ’ that he found more satisfaction to his mind and more improvement of it by solitude than by company.

It is so often uncharitably remarked that 'he who delights in solitude must either be a beast or a God! But 'breathes there the man with soul so dead! who has not been captivated by the charms of solitude! People had grown disgusted with the 'painted pomp' of the world-men to whom life meant nothing but a miserable existence disturbed and torn to pieces because of envy and jealousy; persons who had lost all faith in human efforts at the end of intellectual tether—all of them have discovered in the unutterable voice of solitude, however 'horrible' it might have been, the greatness, the mystery and secret of life. It is not a mere flush of rhetoric to say that Cowper's lives 'Better dwell in the midst of alarms'. Than reign in this horrible place' would have been more vigorous, significant and philosophical had the meaning been just the reverse.

Only those who seek, find it. If one would understand, one would realize how beautiful, how charming and lovely solitude is. Lovers find in it that—

'Cherishing beauty, deep in thy heart of hearts,
Folding her, Artist call her not, dream her not thine.'

Solitude is a very delicate nurse to him who gets into a deplorable condition which sometimes drives him to pitiful shifts in seeking how to avoid himself. To such an individual what a bliss, what a boon will it be to find in his mind that

'A silvery stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with sunbeams here and there,
On whose enamelled bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile, and hear
How prettily they talk.'

The true beauty we seek, the calm we strive for, can only be found by listening to nature in her calmer moods. Goethe defines beauty in a way at once touching. He says—

"The beautiful is a manifestation of secret laws of nature which, but for this appearance, had been for ever concealed from us."

Much that is valuable can be found in solitude. Rousseau says that he always found himself at home and at ease in forest only. He imagines himself talking to all animate and inanimate objects around him.

He could see there "all that is beautiful in the world of sense and all that is imaginable in the world of intellect." Of course every great thing has a small beginning. We should acquire this mental activity by gradually climbing the stairs of beautiful imagination. There ought to be a natural, simple and graceful beauty in our expressions and thoughts which may strike those who can see,

To those who have seen something of this world nature is the best teacher. The banished duke in "As You Like It" was not in a mood to exaggerate when he spoke of 'tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything'. The good Duke seems to be quite in accord with Abraham Cowley when he says 'Hail, the poor Muse's richest manor seat! Ye country houses and retreat which all the happy gods so love that for oft they quit their bright and great Metropolis above.'

As a man cannot remain idle he cannot do better than learn the great mysteries that nature has in store for us. One may go on taking from the great store-house of nature and yet not be satisfied; to him the life at death would appear to short. They shall only complain.

O life, long to the fool, short to the wise! I believe it is not far from truth to say that a man in private has more business than a minister of state in public. If the latter has little leisure to be alone: the former has less leisure to be in company; the one has put part of the affairs of one nation, the other all the works of God and nature under his consideration. If it be said of a man that 'he does not know how to pass his time' nothing worse can be said of him. It would only have been too ridiculous on the part of Methusaleh to say, in the nine hundred and sixty-ninth year of his life, that he was forced to remain idle for want of work. Far be it from us to say that we have no work because we cannot master even one part of science or arts. We know that a very small portion of any ingenious art will stop all gaps of our time: either music or painting. If he happens to set his affections on poetry that will over do it.

Ah wretched, and too solitary he
Who loves not his own company!
He'll the weight of it many a day
Unless he calls in sin or vanity.
To help to bear't away.

RAM NARAIN MATHUR,
IV Form Science.

CAUSES OF ILL-HEALTH ON THE CAMPUS.

NEUROSES.

(Nervousness, Chicken-Heartedness, Dil ki Kachchai)

By D. N. Forman, M. D., Senior College Physician.

In this section of the MAGAZINE, during the past few years, we have dealt with various diseases and ailments, with a few exceptions, of a more or less definitely organic character, including such conditions as malaria, dengue, filariasis, pyorrhoea, caries, refractive error,

eye inflammations, intestinal parasites, typhoid fever, coryza and bronchitis (coughs and colds), diarrhoea and dysentery. These have been comparatively easy to deal with. But the nervous factor which plays a part in the aggravation of the symptoms of every disease and in every patient in varying degrees, is a subject which is far more difficult to treat, both from the literary and medical points of view. No matter how stable or 'hard-boiled' a patient may be this factor—nervousness, apprehension, fear, anxiety, chicken-heartedness, *dil ki kachchai*, whatever we wish to call it—plays a part in every case. That wise Boston physician, Richard Cabot, has well said that it is not sufficient for a doctor to tell 'what' disease a given patient is suffering from, but he must also gauge 'how much'. To this might be added a third diagnostic requirement, 'how much nervousness', or what degree of apprehension underlies and modifies the symptoms of which he complains. In some individuals this is minimal, let us say five per cent; in others very prominent, sixty to eighty per cent; while in a few it is a one-hundred-per-cent factor—a pure neurosis without the existence of any organic basis.

Now let us descend to that little patch of earth known as the Campus. How does this nervous factor which we have crudely designated chicken-heartedness or *dil ki kachchai*, manifest itself in the routine work of the College dispensary, especially at this time when examinations are imminent or already in full-swing for half the student body, and mental fatigue, enhanced by a number of contributing causes, evidencing itself in the other half?

Students suffer from various types of neuroses which modify their conduct in various ways. Their recognition taxes the diagnostic acumen of the doctor, but incidentally adds to the interest of the problem.

I. There is the student who deliberately and knowingly uses a mild symptom as an excuse to absent himself from class, and then, before the doctor, vehemently exaggerates the severity of that symptom in order to secure the 'certificate' which will exempt him from the payment of a fine. So that we classify moral weakness as a neurosis, and one of the forms of *dil ki kachchai*. It is best exemplified by the student who complains of a severe, incapacitating headache. To treat that headache symptomatically with effect is not difficult; to ascertain and eradicate the cause is a much more difficult problem. But the feature which requires all the evidence that can be gathered, and the finest power of judgment that can be mustered, is that of gauging with some accuracy how much the patient is 'putting on'. Frequently the past history of the patient's ailments as recorded on his medical card throws a good deal of light on the problem. Occasionally information offered by a teacher or warden gives one a clue. But usually one's own intuition comes to his rescue with varying degrees of accuracy. Undoubtedly, sometimes injustice is

done, but usually the student is given the benefit of the doubt. Some students are refused the coveted 'certificate', because the Physician feels that the degree of severity is not so great but that with a reasonable exercise of will-power and moral fibre the victim could have gone ahead with his scholastic duties, and incidentally by that very exercise gained in strength of character.

II. Very closely allied to the above is the type characterized by the student who is convalescent from a rather acute and temporarily debilitating sickness, such as a malarial relapse or influenzal bronchitis, who deliberately prolongs the period of his so-called convalescence and demands a 'certificate' which shall include not only the dates of his actual sickness plus a reasonable period of convalescence, but also four or five days extra, when any individual endowed with an average sense of rectitude and average amount of stamina would have resumed attendance at his classes.

But we would be doing our clientele an injustice if we did not hasten to add that but a very small proportion of student patients fall in the above two classes.

III. Somewhat akin to these from a descriptive point of view—although rather remotely from the moral and psychological—is the type of patient who *unconsciously* exaggerates the severity and significance of his symptoms, be it a temporary headache, or a feeling of weakness during convalescence. He is the 'sensitive', 'delicate' type, who has a tendency to be introspective—the introvert: and by virtue of that tendency feels things more acutely than one of a more phlegmatic constitution—the extrovert. It is the doctor's function to recognize the constitutional nervous tendency and to 'inject a little iron', metaphorically speaking, into such a personality. He has of course his allies in teachers and wardens, and often in fellow-students; but it is surprising how few allies the physician has in parents and relatives, who indeed are just as culpable as the poor victim for the prolongation of convalescence, which is frequently carried out in the easy atmosphere of the average home.

IV. Then there is the student—generally one of the last-named type—who, through the means of the hysterical episode, 'runs away'. In time of war soldiers consciously or unconsciously use one of two methods of running away—desertion in action or so-called shell-shock. The latter is the one that concerns us now. Under the stress of approaching examinations or other uncomfortable conditions which he is loath to face, squarely a student will develop an attack of hysteria characterized sometimes by a prolonged period of unconsciousness (*behoshi*); at other times in a fit of extreme despondency he will swallow a small dose of opium and find solace in the excited sympathy of his previously rather unsympathetic comrades. Both of these acts are indicative of a broad vein of cowardice in his make-up. Unless the victim makes a strong, well-sustained effort at self-control

he will be using various methods of 'running away' from unpleasant tasks, uncongenial jobs and other hardships, throughout his life.

V. Perhaps the commonest type is that of the student who has noticed some insignificant abnormality in the functioning of one of the systems of his body, and, thanks to the solicitous advice of friends and relatives added to what he reads in the advertising columns of our best daily newspapers, attaches an unwarranted significance to the manifestations. One common example of this is the misinterpretation of 'white patches' on the skin (leucoderma), which is popularly—aided and abetted by the advertisements of cures for so-called 'white leprosy'—taken to be a symptom of real leprosy. Far more prevalent, however, is the apprehensive insistence on the part of scores of students, during the course of a year, that certain perfectly natural excretory products in the urine, such as phosphates and urates, as well as the occasional appearance of mucus-like secretions from the prostatic gland and seminal vesicles, are indicative of grave trouble leading inevitably to weakness, debility and 'loss of manhood' *et cetera ad infinitum*. Our procedure is always to examine such material—when available—microscopically, sometimes even showing the student the specimen under the lens, and by simple explanation to try to convince him that the manifestations are of little or no significance, and thus if possible dispel his anxiety and fear which are the real causes of his weakness and 'loss of manhood'. Here in his attempts at psycho-therapy (treatment of the mind), the doctor is pitted against the age-old teachings of the *hakim* and the *vaid* with their criminal teachings about *dhat* and its dire effects on the constitution. A reprint of Dr. Lindberg's able article on the subject, which appeared as one of this series several years ago, is given to each 'sufferer' and has proved an invaluable aid in re-education.

Needless to say the victims of this type of disease seldom feel that they need to stay away from classes, but none the less suffer a good deal of mental anguish and thereby lower their general efficiency.

VI. Finally there is the student—and he is by no means a '*rara avis*'—who is suffering, without physical provocation, from a pure neurosis. He is unable to sleep well, has palpitation of the heart, tires easily on exertion, is unable to concentrate, indulges in reveries, suffers from indecision, complains of vague fleeting pains in various parts of his body, does not play, avoids the company of all except a select few, sympathetic—usually too sympathetic—spirits. He is seldom absent from college for long intervals of time, but is very likely to take off a period or two when he is unable to tolerate sitting in class longer.

There is one symptom, or rather sign, of this condition which if present marks the subject as a neurotic without peradventure of a

doubt, and that is the presentation of a written record of his symptoms to his long-suffering medical adviser.

The principles of his management have been fairly definitely laid down for us. He needs to be treated with a well-balanced mixture of sympathy and firmness. Stress is laid on the importance of regular play and regular rest in his daily routine. He is urged to indulge, with abandon, in games which will bring him into contact—sometimes violent—contact with his fellows. An attempt is made in a simple way to help him to understand the workings of his nervous system and the mechanism which underlies some of his symptoms. Above all he is encouraged to feel that he has a contribution to make in the world and that 'running away' will neither help him to make it nor to build up his moral fibre. The records of some of these students show that they are well along the road to winning the fight.

As usual we cannot refrain from giving a little practical advice.

1. Should you feel sick consult your doctor as soon as you can.
2. If you feel indisposed or have some minor complaint, 'stick it out'. Go through the college day somehow, and present yourself at the College dispensary at the appointed time.
3. Try to strike a sane middle course between absolute indifference to physical discomfort on the one hand and oversensitiveness on the other. Do not delay unduly in visiting the doctor and giving a straight-forward account of your trouble. At the same time avoid running to him with every little physical complaint or injury.
4. Never take a written account of your symptoms to the doctor, he may react unconsciously in a way which might be prejudicial to a sympathetic hearing.
5. If you are one of those individuals whom God has endowed with a sensitive nervous mechanism, spend lots of time in the open air; play hard and regularly; bathe frequently in cold water; be moderate in all things; adhere faithfully to a reasonably full schedule and seek the companionship of good strong characters.

The True Mediterranean Type of Climate.

Problem—"How far is it true to say that the Mediterranean Lands have mild and rainy winters and hot and dry summers."

The Mediterranean region is situated between two planetary wind belts, the Westerly Wind Belt to the North, and the North-East Trade Winds to the South, and roughly occupies a position between

30° N. and 45° N. Lats. This is roughly speaking the position of the High Pressure Belt of Calm in the Northern Hemisphere. The peculiar climatic conditions of this region are caused by the change in the position of the rays of the Sun with regard to the Earth. The swing of the solar vertical rays north and south of the equator with the change of seasons, causes corresponding swings, north and south, of the belts of the planetary winds and the belts of calms, so that in the northern summer the Tropic of Cancer High Pressure belt of calm occupies a more northerly position than in winter. In summer it is to the north of the Mediterranean Sea and from it the Trade winds blow equator-wards. In winter the belt of calm moves to the south of the Mediterranean Sea, and from it the Westerly winds blow towards the North Pole. The High Pressure belt is a belt of draught, as in the region occupied by it, the air descends from upper regions to the surface, and no precipitation takes place. The Trade Winds which blow southwards are dry winds, for as they blow towards the equator, they get warmer, and thus their moisture absorbing power increases. In summer, rain is caused only where these winds strike against the slope of hills or mountains, and are raised high enough to cool below their dewpoint, when some moisture is released. In winter, the westerly winds which blow from the Atlantic Ocean, are moisture-laden. As they blow poleward, *i. e.*, from lower to higher latitudes they become cooler, and when they reach land, a slight rise in elevation cools them enough to cause precipitation. As these winds come from the lower latitudes, they bring with them much warmth and therefore warm the regions over which they blow. Thus the temperature of air over those regions is not allowed to get very low. So in general terms we can say that the Mediterranean lands are hot and dry in summer, and mild and wet in winter.

The Mediterranean region is ordinarily supposed to consist of countries situated round the Mediterranean Sea, *viz.*, Spain and Portugal, Southern France, Italy, The Balkans, Asia Minor, Syria, Northern Egypt, Tripoli, Tunis and Morocco. The question we should answer is whether the general climatic conditions as shown above are true of all the areas occupied by these countries. If not, which parts of them differ in climate from the true Mediterranean conditions, and what are the causes of the difference.

To answer these questions it is necessary to make a more detailed study of the distribution of climate over the region.

There are several factors which have an important bearing on the climate of the region, *viz.*, the shape of the sea, the relief features of the land, the shape of the isobars and the pressure system.

The Mediterranean Sea is divided by Italy and Sicily into two basins. The western basin is triangular in shape, with its base to

the south and is situated between latitudes, 45° N. and 35° N. The eastern basin is larger, roughly rectangular, and is situated in lower latitudes, between about 30° N. and 40° N. That is to say, the countries or regions round the western basin are on the whole more under the influence of the westerly winds and so their climate should be wetter and milder than the countries round the eastern basin, which should have drier and more severe climate on account of the greater influence of the Trade Winds.

The relief features have a great influence over the distribution of climate on land. The first fact to note on the map of Europe is that the Mediterranean Sea is almost everywhere, with the exception of Northern Egypt and Tripoli, surrounded by mountain ranges or plateaus. In the Iberian Peninsula, the Cantabrian and the Pyrenees Mountains check the winds coming from the north-west. The Sierra Nevada runs north-east—south-east and checks the westerly winds from bringing rain to the Mediterranean coastal strips (in the south and south-east) of Iberia. Southern France has the Cevennes plateau which obstruct the south-west winds; therefore the coastal strip gets good rain, and the winds from the north and north-west remain dry. Italy has the Pyrenees running north-west—south-east which obstruct the south-west winds and causes dry conditions to its north-east side. The Balkans have the Dinaric and the Grecian Alps running along the coast and so check the west and south-west winds and thus keep the interior dry. The plateau of Anatolia restricts the rain from the north-west winds to its north coast and that from the west and south-west winds to its west and southern coasts. Similarly Syria has a wet coastal margin and a dry interior. Northern Egypt and Tripoli are too far to the South to be under the influence of the westerly winds and so remain dry. The Atlas Mountains of Morocco give that country a wet north and north-western coast, and a dry, semi desert type of region in the interior. Thus it is on account of the mountainous nature of the Mediterranean countries, that western and south-western margins of the northern peninsulas get abundant rain and their central parts and Eastern coasts remain dry; more over the mountainous areas on account of their elevation have a low temperature.

The Mediterranean region is an area of transition between the tropical desert and the temperate north-western Europe. The climate too is one of transition. The summer as shown above, are like those of the tropical areas, and the winter climate is akin to the north-west European type. In winter the tropical High Pressure belt of calm is divided into two, one over North Africa, the other over Central Europe. The Mediterranean region is an area of low pressure between these two, due to warmth and humidity of the sea. But there are tongues of high pressure over Iberia, Italy and the Balkans; on the other hand, there are tongues of low pressure over the Western Mediterranean basin, the Adriatic

sea, and the Aegean sea. It is these tongues of low pressure which break the continuity of the high pressure belt, and cause a number of anticyclones alternating with cyclonic depressions and wedges. These systems move from west to east and come from over the Atlantic. The result is that as these move, the winds on the west coast of the peninsulas in the northern half of the Mediterranean region, coming from the south, south-west and west are warm and rain bearing; but on the east coast, those coming from the north *i. e.*, from Central Europe, are dry; similarly those on the west, from the central parts of the peninsulas, are dry, only the South-east winds bring a little moisture. Thus from the study of the meteorological conditions also we learn that the west coasts have heavy rain, whereas east coast and northern parts are dry in winter. In summer too, there are variations. We have already seen that in summer the North Atlantic anticyclone extends over Western Europe. From it the winds blow to the Equatorial low pressure system, now situated over the Southern Sahara. These are parts of the Trade Winds and belong to the tropical region type. They are northerly and strong winds of gale force over Eastern Mediterranean. In summer they are constant in direction and blow strongly by day and drop at night. In the higher latitudes they are less severe than in the lower and therefore less dry. Therefore the southern margins of the Mediterranean region have drier and hotter summers in general than the northern.

The elevated regions in summer have low temperature and remain cool and so are unlike the coastal lands and low plains.

In one other way we can find out which parts of the Mediterranean countries have the true Mediterranean type of climate, and that is by studying the natural vegetation and its distribution. Natural vegetation is the best index to the climatic condition of a region. Plants depend for growth on conditions of temperature, sunshine, rainfall and a combination of these. Regions where these conditions vary develop different types of vegetation. Mediterranean type of climate being both unlike the tropical and the north-west European types, has developed a peculiar vegetation type of its own. As the rainfall occurs in winter, that season and the early spring is the growing season, and summer is the time of comparative rest. Warmth and sunshine being less in the growing season, trees do not become big. But the summer is not so hot as to be able to dry and parch the trees, and the winter is not cold enough to check their growth. So shrubs and short trees of the evergreen type are found, the leaves of which in order to resist evaporation in summer and thus save the plants from drying off, become leathery, and coated with wax and are sometimes small and hairy. The colour of the trees is dull grey-green. The tree and leaves give resins and have scented substances in them which give out pungent odour when crushed. The most characteristic plant of

the Mediterranean region is the olive. It is an evergreen and demands little water. It is very drought resisting, therefore it can remain alive in summer. It is very sensitive to cold, and so dies in the cold winter, therefore, it can develop only in those regions where the true Mediterranean type of climate is found. Other important Mediterranean plants are vine, fig, citrous plants like orange, lemon, etc., but the best is olive. All over the countries round the Mediterranean Sea olive is not found; the regions where it is not and cannot be cultivated can not be regarded as having the true Mediterranean type of climate. There are areas like the plain of Po where tropical plant like rice, and the southern Iberia where date palm, etc., are found; similarly there are regions where only steppe grass is found, and also areas where forests of broad leaved trees like beach, and sweet chestnuts are found *e. g.* Northern Spain and other mountainous regions. These are outside the true Mediterranean region.

A very large portion of the Iberian peninsula cannot be said to have the true Mediterranean climate. The Meseta is a high, arid region and has a continental type of climate with hot summers and cold winters. The average July and August temperature for Salamanca is 71°F. and December and January temperature is 37°F. Thus, it has a high range of seasonal temperature. The annual rainfall is scanty, being only 11.48"; the maxima being in Spring and Autumn. Madrid has an average January temperature of 40°F. and July of 76°F. Annual rainfall is 17"; winter and summer seasons here also are nearly dry. The Ebro plain has about the same temperature, as Madrid, though it is lowlying. The average temperature for Barcelona in January is 46.4°F, July 73.9°F. Rainfall is 21", the maximum being in April and September. The plain of Andalusia is very hot, the summer heat is excessive. The average temperature for Seville in January is 52.2°F, July 84.9°F. Rainfall is 18.6", maximum being in March. At all these places, summer months are the driest.

The north coast of Iberia has equable temperature and heavy rainfall, and so has a west European type of climate. Considerable rainfall occurs in summer also. Santiago is 45.1°F in January, and 66.0°F in August; annual rainfall is 65.1".

The west coast of Iberia has the most oceanic variety of Mediterranean climate. It has cool summers, mild winters, small temperature range, abundant rain in winter half year, the summer half being almost rainless. Lisbon—Average temperature in January 49.3°F and in August 70.2°F, Range 20.9°, Rainfall 28.7".

South and south-east coasts of Iberia are sheltered from rain by the Sierra Nevada, and have hot sunny summers. The climate is more of the North African type. Here tropical fruits, *e. g.*, date palm, banana and sugarcane are cultivated.

In Italy also we find different types of climates. The plain of Po is like Central Europe in climate. The summers are hot, but the winters are cold and the ground is covered with snow for skating. The rainfall is evenly distributed during the year, the summer half being more than the winter half.

Milan	Jan. temp.	32°;	July	75°F	Annual Rainfall	40.28"
Piacenza	"	31°	"	75°F	"	31.60."
Venice	"	36°	"	76°F	"	30.00."

In this region maize, rice and silk are cultivated which are tropical plants.

The Northern Appennines and the Highlands of Tuscany have also a climate akin to the Central European type. Most rain is in winter half year, but summer is not rainless. Frost usually occurs every winter and mountains are often buried under snow.

The Riviera has a mediterranean type of climate. It has mild and pleasant winters and cool summers. Rainfall is abundant. Genoa has an annual total of 49.8" with a summer minimum. The western Lowlands of Tuscany, Latium and Campagna, have also the mediterranean type of climate. The coldest months average well above 40°F. The summers are hot, but the heat is tempered by the sea. The rainfall is fairly abundant, and has a decided winter maximum except in Tuscany, as the following facts explain:—

Florence, January	41°F	July.	76°F	Rainfall	35.56"
Rome	44°F	"	77°F	"	33.12"
Naples	47°F	"	76°F	"	33.28"

In Tuscany the valleys are generally covered with vineyards and the hill slopes with olive groves. In Latium Campagna wheat, figs, and oranges are also largely grown.

The north-east coast has colder winter and hotter summer and much less rain; so the actual sea coast is barren, and the low hills and valleys are cultivated with hemp, flax, vines, olives and mulberry.

The climate of Southern Italy is exceedingly dry and hot in summer. The winter temperature, though not low, is generally cold in Apulia, on account of the north and north-east winds.

Foggia, January temperature, 43°F, July, 79°F; Rainfall 18.58".

Sicily has the true mediterranean type of climate; the winters being warm and wet, and the summers, hot and dry. The annual rainfall is 20—30 inches.

e. g. Palermo, Jan. temperature 50°F, July 76°F, annual rainfall 30.24"
Catania " " 51°F " 79°F " " 21.32"

Here wheat is the chief cereal; olives, oranges and wine are also cultivated.

In the Balkans, the western and southern coast have the true mediterranean type of climate. These have wet, mild winters and hot dry summers. The rainfall maximum is in winter.

Fiume,	January	Temperature	41°F,	July	72°F;	Rainfall	65"
Scutari,	"	"	39°F	"	78°F;	"	56"
Athens,	"	"	47.5°F	"	81.1°F;	"	15.4"

The above figures show that the west coast is much wetter than the south and also less hot.

The north coast of the Aegean Sea has a more modified form of the Mediterranean climate; the winters are cold on account of the cold northerly winds; but olive is commonly grown.

Salonica, January 41°F. July 79°F. Rainfall 17.32".

The low coastal plain, south of the Black Sea, is akin to the Steppe region in climate. Though most rain is in winter, yet often cold bleak north winds blow from Russia.

The whole interior mountainous region of the Balkans has a central European type of climate. The winters are very cold and the rainfall maximum is in spring and summer.

Sofia,	January	27°F	July	69.3°	Annual rainfall	26"
Uskub	"	29.5°F	"	71.6°	"	19.3"
Belgrade	"	29.1°F	"	73.8°	"	24.3"

The north and west coasts of Asia Minor have also a Mediterranean type of climate.

Smyrna—Jan. 46°F. July 80°F. Rainfall 26.12" max. from Oct. to March.

Trebizond " 43°F. " 74°F. " 35" max. in winter.

Thus we see, that in the Mediterranean countries the coastal regions, especially those facing the west and the south have a true Mediterranean climate, and the proposition is true if the term "Mediterranean Region" is used in a restricted sense to mean only those areas round the Mediterranean Sea which have this climate.

E. V. NOBLE OJHA,

Department of Geography.

Assembly Addresses.

January and February are what may be termed the "open-season" for visitors from abroad, and this year has been unusual in this respect on account of the coming to us of the Barrows' Lecturer, the members of the Commission on Christian Higher Education, and the members of the Laymen's Fact-Finding Commission, in addition to other guests. We had the privilege of hearing several of these visitors in Assembly.

Professor Francis B. Sayre, of the Law School of Harvard University and formerly adviser to the Siamese Government, told in a very interesting manner how the problem of extra-territorial rights in Siam was peaceably settled, and he stated his conviction that the solution of India's problems should be sought through conference and mutual give-and-take, and not by resort to force. Rai A. C. Mukerji Bahadur, Secretary of the National Missionary Society, stressed the growing place the teaching and the example of Christ are having in India's thought and life, and he presented eloquently the appeal of Christ to the youth of India. Yet another forceful presentation of the challenge of Christ to the youth of India came from Rev. Andrew Thakur Dass, pastor of the Naulakha Church, Lahore.

On whose visit and address were looked forward to with particular interest was Bishop Francis J. McConnell, who came to India to deliver the seventh series of Barrows' Lectures. In speaking to us of the function of a college he warned us against falling into two errors: reliance on good intentions in themselves and reliance on scientific method without regard to human values. He went on to say that knowledge for its own sake is not ideal for most of us; we have to think of education in relation to our fellow men; we have to ask ourselves what the human result of our education is to be. Education as a social process is the effort to bring together human values and the scientific method. Knowledge interest must go hand in hand.

Dr. Hutchins, Principal of Berea College in America and a member of the Commission on Christian Higher Education, gave an address that will not soon be forgotten on "The Bridge-Builders", and Dr. Hendricks, member of the Laymen's Fact-Finding Commission, spoke on "Living as a Fine Art". Dr. Hendricks pointed to five great teachers who laid down principles that will enable us to live happily and usefully: Epicurus, who advocated taking into our lives the simple, natural pleasures—living the simple life; Zeno, who urged men to shut out of their lives anxiety... "I am bigger than anything that can happen to me"; Plato, who stressed the fact that man's life can be lived in an atmosphere above the dust and drudgery of daily activities; Aristotle, who balanced Plato's doctrine by emphasizing the fact that our lives must be lived, not in the clouds, but on earth, and that each must find the one thing he can do and concentrate on it; and Christ, the greatest of them all, who included in his teaching the principles and added this important one, "Love one another".

Others who brought us inspiring messages were the Rev. Mr. Abbey, Secretary in India of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour, and Dr. H. C. Velte, Secretary of the India Council of Presbyterian Missions.

The Historical Society.

We have been able to secure three lectures for our society meetings this year. We hope to secure some more before the session runs out. The first lecture on "The Hopes and Fears of the Round Table Conference" was given by our President Prof. N. N. Ghosh to whom the society owes its inception four years back and through whose fostering care and interest the society is carrying out its existence doing useful work. The lecture was a highly interesting one. The speaker struck a new note on the proposed federal constitution in India and said that he very much doubted its success on account of the artificial and incongruous component parts of a federated India. Dr. Rice, our worthy Principal, who presided on the occasion spoke in great appreciation of the speech.

The second lecture on "The Influence of Geography on the Development of Human Concentration" was given by Prof. E. V. Noble Ogha. The learned speaker brought to bear on his talk his deep scholarship and his recent experience of travel and study in Europe. It was a highly interesting talk and was greatly appreciated.

The last talk was given by our Vice-President Prof. S.S. Gideon on "Democracy Under Revision." It was a lucid exposition of the new view point of Democracy, its dangers, pitfalls and fallacies and also of the conditions which can make democracy perfect and satisfactory. It was a highly interesting and instructive talk.

We take this opportunity of thanking the speakers for their kindness, and all those members and non-members of the society who by their sympathy and attendance have made our meetings successful. We are specially grateful to our good Principal, Dr. C. H. Rice, who has always shown an active sympathy for our Society and has been able to preside in one of our meetings, despite heavy pressure of work.

VALENTINE SHAW, IV Form Arts.

RAM MURTI LAL, III Form Arts.

The Joint Secretaries.

Debating Society.

"Fortune favours the brave" may well be applied to this society, for our path has not been strewn with roses. But in spite of all difficulties, we have held together and have had several successful debates. Honour came to the Society and to the College when S. D. Varma won second prize in the Provincial Inter-Hostel Debate held in Lucknow in January.

R. N. Saxena, a member of our executive committee, very kindly presented a trophy to be contested for annually in an Allahabad

Inter-College Debate. This debate was held in our College on the 12th February, under the chairmanship of Mr. Sucha Singh, and two speakers each from Government Intermediate College, Kayastha Pathshala and our College, discussed the proposition that "In the interests of Society in India the joint-family system must be maintained." It was by far the best debate held in our College in recent years, and the good-sized audience manifested much interest and appreciation. The trophy went to the Government Intermediate College, and individual prizes were won by C. Balkrishna Rao of Government College, Shashi Kant Verma of Kayastha Pathshala and Charan Singh Bhandari of our College.

Athletics.

We closed the Foot-ball season rather successfully. We are very glad to publish the picture of the First Team with the two trophies annexed this year. This is good credit for an Intermediate College, since both were open Tournaments.

Volley-Ball has the longest season—played almost the whole year round and probably the most popular game. Next to Tennis the largest number of boys stand up for this game for their exercise. But we play entirely too many matches with outside teams, if the energy spent thus be employed in popularising the game among our own students we will be serving a better cause. But all honour to the Volley Ball Team, they too carried the victorious flag of gold and blue as far as Fatehpur and came home triumphant with a shield. In a local tournament they wrested the Runners up Cup and we are assured of at least another local trophy.

Pessimists and superstitious critics promised a dull season for Hockey because the opening of the season was clouded by unfortunate 'internecine wars' between parties over the election of the Captain. But now we have reason to be happy that a better sense of sportsmanship has prevailed and we have the best material available in the team who very shortly will contest in the Finals of the Sidheswari Shield against the most formidable team of the city. We shall have occasion to give detailed account of their achievements in the next issue.

Our River Club is flourishing, we have nearly 80 members and all the three boats are kept very busy all the days of the week. Winter is fast fading away, and we are seriously contemplating the starting of the swimming classess culminating in an aquatic sports day. We wish other sister colleges of the city also had taken advantage of the river, then we could have Inter-Collegiate Boat Races. We hope someday this will materialise.

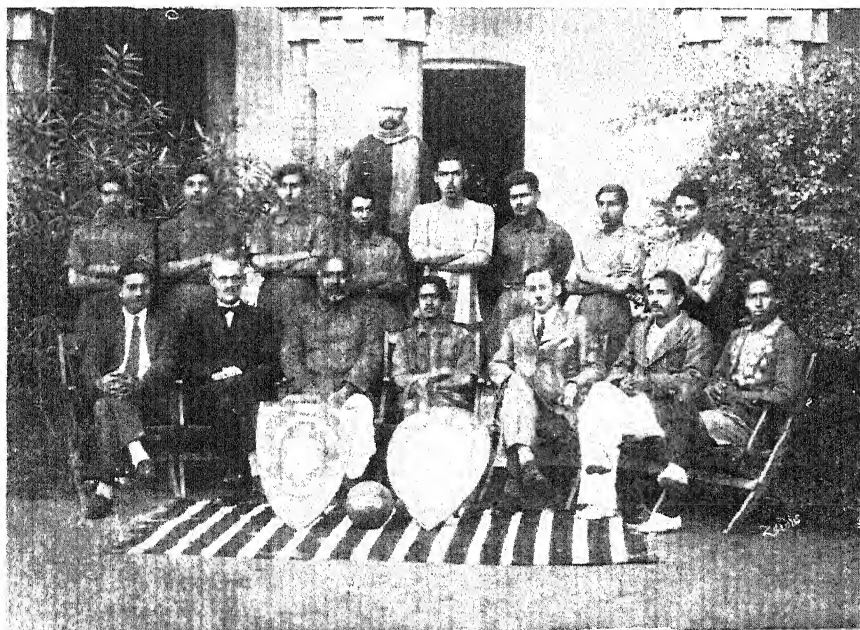
Tennis as usual is in full swing and though the annual tournament did not attract as many stalwarts the matches did not lack

WINNERS OF SMITH AND BENODE BEHARI CHALLENGE SHIELDS.

FOOTBALL TEAM, 1930.

MATCHES.

Played	29
Won	21
Lost	5
Drawn	3



Sitting—Mr. Biswas, Dr. Dudgeon, Mr. Mitra, B. Dube, (Cap.) Dr. Rice,
Mr. Sharma, H. Simon, (Vice-Cap.)

Standing—H. De, J. Chattree, S. Kaul, Thoshilus, M. A. Khan, A. D'Rosario,
M. Gour, M. Das.



in zest. Speculations regarding the singles Championship excluded the youthful new-comer Nigam who sprang a grand surprise on both competitors and enthusiasts by his steady play throughout the tournament defeating H. Simon in the Finals. The doubles championship went to Ramasankar and Eric Mowatt rather easily. Though this club does not possess what is known as 'star' players yet it must be the nurse of many future ones for we have more than 90 in this club. Is not it a very modest hope?

OLYMPIC GAMES (PROVINCIAL).

We have reason to be proud of our achievements in the recent Olympic games held at Lucknow. Our teams carried off the Basket and Volley Bball Championships. Beni Dube stood second in the quarter mile race while Ali Nazir came second in the 100 yards sprint creating a record of 10 seconds in the heats

BASKET-BALL.

A new venture for our basket-ballers was a long trip to Lahore in January to participate in the Punjab Open Championship Tournament. Our first match was against Borstal Institute of Lahore and resulted in a 27-9 victory for us; after making a slow start and being held on almost even terms in the first half, our team "came to" in the latter part of the match and completely outclassed the Borstal players. Our second...and last...match in the tournament was with the team from Gordon College, Rawalpindi, the winners of the championship. Against the stiffest opposition our team has ever been called upon to meet, our fellows were again very slow in getting under way and were not quick to adopt their defense to the opponents' type of attack, with the result that the first half ended without our having scored a single point, while Gordon College had amassed 16. The refusal of our team to be discouraged and the manner in which it came back in the second half were a delight, and took away the sting of defeat. During the third quarter our opponents were held scoreless, while we got four points, and in the last quarter each side secured four, so that the final score was 20-8 in favour of Gordon College. Although our team failed to win the trophy, it made a good impression on people in the Punjab.

Our team represented Allahabad district in the Provincial Olympic Meet in Lucknow on the 13th and 14th February and won the championship for Allahabad district by defeating Lucknow (the Christian College Team 23-21 in a very exciting match. On the 14th a selected Indian team, on which our representatives were prominent, defeated a team of Americans 17-16 in another hotly-contested match.

The Commission on Christian Higher Education.

We have recently enjoyed a visit from the "Lindsay" Commission on Christian Higher Education.

Dr. Lindsay, Master of Balliol College, Oxford, is the Chairman. President Hutchins of Berea, Dr. Wm. Adams Brown of New York, Dr. MacNicol of Edinburgh, Canon Davies of London, Dr. Datta of India and Geneva (International Students' Movement), and Principal Mukerji of Delhi are spending some months in India to make a thorough study of Christian institutions of higher learning. The expectation is that this Commission will help to set such of these institutions as are recommended for continuance upon a united and co-operative footing; to insure their increased value for the Christian Church in India, and their real and distinctive contribution to the life of New India; and to strengthen the interest, confidence and support of the people abroad. The Commission consists of very able men. They are undertaking to find the way by which Christian Higher Education may increase its outstanding contribution to India's needs.

We spent much time in preparation for their visit to Allahabad, our whole College Staff and Directors, and other prominent educationists and leaders co-operating with great interest. The three or four days of their visit were entirely given over to showing these gentlemen the work of our institutions, arranging their interviews, and meeting in conference with them both here at the Intermediate College, and at the University College, as well as across the river at the Agricultural Institute. They seem to have gone away with a very clear conception of our long history, the present strength of this group of institutions, and the significant, united contribution we may make in the future.

It has been an exhilarating experience while the Commission were with us to dream some big dreams for the future,—imagining for the sake of the dream that there were no limitations or disabilities, financial or otherwise, laid upon us. Suppose that we could have a much increased staff, including a larger number of specially trained experts with some leisure for investigation in various lines. Suppose that we could reduce the total number of students to such a compass that personal acquaintance and contact between teachers and students could supplant the impersonal relationships found in 'mass' education. Suppose that we should find ways by which every subject taught could be made to bear directly upon the problems and needs of India to-day; and that not only in Economics and Agriculture, but in the Sciences and Languages and History and all other subjects there could be developed what might be called 'field work', or the practical application to life of the subject being studied in the classroom. Suppose that we could have added to our force those who

could help us to introduce the most scientific methods in our programme of Physical and Character Education, and in all our teaching from the lowest to the highest classes. Suppose that we could find some lines in which we could turn out a more finished product ready to take up the service of the country. When all these dreams begin to take more concrete shape we shall realize that the Commission has done us great good.

As they complete their survey of Mission Colleges in India, and retire to the hills to prepare their findings, we shall watch with great anticipation for their recommendations with respect to the best lines of future development. We shall eagerly scan their report to discover what memories they have retained of our beautiful Jumna, and of the students and staff in these three great institutions in Allahabad. We shall look back with gratitude to the days of friendly counsel with them, and forward with expectation to days of fuller co-operation between the East and the West in our International Fellowship here.

C. H. R.

Friendship's Part.

The sentiment of friendship is, in some ways, more exacting in its demands than love itself. Complete freedom of speech and action between friends is imperative, and the understanding must be so thorough that, both being convinced that neither intends to offend or hurt the other no word which is uttered is ever taken amiss.

A distinct largeness of heart and mind is among the chief qualifications for friendship, and moral courage comes next, combined with tact. It should be possible to tell even somewhat unpalatable truths if the occasion demands; all depends upon the tone and the manner. Some know how to say anything, however candid—and others cannot even speak of the most ordinary affairs without somehow rubbing their hearers the wrong way. These however, are not of the stuff to have or make friends.

Friendship will hear your story
Of dreams that are broken
and done.
And friendship will sigh for the
glory
Departed from under the sun !
But friendship will also endow you
With fresh purpose and new
zest.
For friendship will never allow
you
In mere resignation to rest.
Friendship will show you your
value
In this world which needs
true men.
And you shall not fail, nor shall
you
Ever know despondency then !

THELMA COOMBS.

हिन्दी-विभाग

वर्ष २१ } जिसको न निज भाषा तथा कालेज-इवि (ग) का ध्यान है । { संख्या ३
 } वह बड़ नहीं, पशुतुल्य है, निर्जीव है, अज्ञान है ॥ }

प्रेमचन्द्र जी की विशेषतायें ।

किसी कवि या लेखक की सफलता बहुत अंशों में उसके अपने भावों को उचित रीति से वर्णन करने पर निर्भर है । जिस लेखक की वर्णन शैली जितनी ही प्रौढ़ होगी वह उतना ही इस संसार में प्रसिद्धि का अधिकारी होगा । इससे मेरा यह अभिप्राय नहीं है कि शैली ही सब कुछ है । भाव और विषय का होना भी उतना ही आवश्यक है । परन्तु इन दोनों की सफलता बहुत अंशों में वर्णन शैली पर ही निर्भर है । अपरिपक्व भाव कितना हा गम्भीर हो विषय भी कितना ही उत्तम हो परन्तु शैली के अपरिपक्व होने के कारण उनका कोई मूल्य नहीं । लेखक या कवि इसके बिना अपने मनोरथ को सिद्ध नहीं कर सकता । शैली विचारों का वाह्य और प्रत्यक्ष रूप है । इसे भाषा का व्यक्तिगत प्रयोग भी कह सकते हैं । मनुष्य के भाव, विचार और उसकी कल्पनायें ईश्वर प्रदत्त हैं । यह उनके प्रकट करने की शक्ति अध्ययन अभ्यास और विनिमय द्वारा बढ़ा कर संस्कृत और उन्नत की जाती है । यह उन्नति या विकसित शक्ति शैली है । शैली की परिभाषा अनेक विद्वानों ने अनेक प्रकार से की है । एक अंगरेज की परिभाषा यों है—Style is the body of which thought is the soul, and through which it expresses itself."

जब तक किसी लेखक की कृति में रूप सौंदर्य नहीं आयेगा, जब तक वह अपनी सामग्री को ऐसा रूप न दे सकेगा जो अनुक्रम, सौष्ठव और प्रभावोत्पादकता के सिद्धान्तों के अनुकूल हो, तब तक उसकी कृति काव्य न कहला सकेगी । अतएव चौथा तत्त्व अर्थात् रचना चमत्कार भी नितान्त आवश्यक है । रचना-चमत्कार का दूसरा नाम शैली है ।

हिन्दी संसार में श्री प्रेमचन्द्र जी का नाम प्रसिद्ध है । उन्होंने अपने सफल उपन्यास, लेखों और आख्यायिकाओं द्वारा भारतवर्ष में अच्छा नाम पैदा किया है । अतएव इनकी विशेषता जानने के लिये हमें इनकी शैली जानना अत्यन्त आवश्यक है । जैसा कि ऊपर कहा गया है किसी कवि या लेखक की वर्णन शैली का अत्यन्त संस्कृत होना आवश्यक है । इसके बिना सफलता प्राप्त करना

देदी खीर है। क्या कारण है कि तुलसीदास जी अब भी हिन्दी संसार में सदा की तरह जीवित हैं ? क्या कारण है प्रेमचन्द जी के साथी उस हृद की सफलता को नहीं प्राप्त हुए हैं ? इसका उत्तर केवल एक हो सकता है—उनकी कृतियाँ चित्ताकर्षक और मनोहर नहीं हैं ; उनकी वर्णनशैली अपरिपक्व है।

अब यह प्रश्न होता है कि वर्णन शैली में सफलता प्राप्त करने के लिये किन किन सामग्रियों को जुटाना आवश्यक है और प्रेमचन्द जी ने इन सामग्रियों को जुटाने में कितना प्रयत्न किया है और उनको किस हृद की सफलता मिली है। शैली का कार्य प्रायः मनुष्यों को किसी विषय का समझाना, किसी कार्य में प्रवृत्त करना अथवा प्रसन्न करना है। इसके लिये भाषा का प्रौढ़ होना जरूरी है। और भाषा का मूल आधार शब्द है। शब्दों के उपयुक्त रीति से प्रयुक्त करने के काशल को ही शैली का मूल तत्त्व समझना चाहिये। श्री प्रेमचन्द जी ने शब्दों को अत्यन्त सुन्दरता के साथ अपने कीर्तियों में प्रयोग किया है। इनका शब्द-भाण्डार बहुत प्रचुर है। शब्द भाण्डार की प्रचुरता मस्तिष्क-शक्ति और पूर्ण अध्ययन पर निर्भर है। इससे ज्ञात होता है कि प्रेमचन्द जी ने पुस्तकों का पर्याप्त अध्ययन किया है। इन्हें अपने भावों को प्रकट करने के लिए उपयुक्त शब्दों को वाक्यों में पिरोना खूब आता है ये थोड़े शब्दों द्वारा अपने भावों को उत्तमता से प्रकट करते हैं। उदाहरण के लिये हम यहाँ सेवा सदन से एक दो वाक्य उद्धृत करते हैं—

“शहर में कोई बूढ़ा तो होता ही नहीं। जवान लड़के होते हैं और बूढ़े जवान। उनकी जवानी सदा बहार होती है। वही हँसी-दिल्लगी वही तेल-फुल्ल का शौक। लोग जवान ही रहते हैं और जवान ही मर जाते हैं।”

“यह वह मौका न था जहाँ उसने अपने बालपन की गुड़िया खेती थी। मिट्टी के घराँदे बनाए थे, माता पिता की गोद में पली थी।”

श्री प्रेमचन्द जी ने प्रचलित उर्दू, फारसी और संस्कृत शब्दों का भी जहाँ तहाँ प्रयोग किया है—यथा, यदा, कदा, काश, तरमीम, बइस्तसनाय, तरहदार होतब्यता, माधुर्य, स्वीकार अकाट्य आदि। आप पाठकों को तत्सम और कठिन शब्द वाक्यों में पिरो कर तंग करना नहीं चाहते वरन् आप अपने कठिन से कठिन भावों को सरल शब्दों में प्रकट करते हैं।

इसके अनन्तर हमें इस बात पर ध्यान देना चाहिये कि श्री प्रेमचन्द जी ने वाक्यों की रचना किस प्रकार से की है। वैयाकरणों ने वाक्यों के अनेक प्रकार बताये हैं। परन्तु सब से अधिक प्रभाव उत्पन्न करने वाला वाक्य वह है जिसमें तब तक अर्थ स्पष्ट नहीं होता जब तक वह वाक्य समाप्त नहीं हो जाता। ऐसे वाक्यों को वाक्योच्चय कहते हैं। श्री प्रेमचन्द जी ने ऐसे वाक्यों का अधिक प्रयोग किया है। ऐसे वाक्यों के प्रयोग करने का अर्थ पढ़ने वाले या सुनने वाले के हृदय में उत्कंठा उत्पन्न करने का है—पाठक

का ध्यान अंत तक आकर्षित करते हुये उसके हृदय में एक प्रकार की जिज्ञासा उत्पन्न करने का है। आपने अपने एक लेख में वाक्योच्चय का प्रयोग इस भाँति किया है—

“उनमें सारी घटनायें ऐसी सफाई से बयान की गई थीं, अक्षरों के ऐसे प्रबल प्रमाण दिये गये थे, व्यवस्था की ऐसी उत्तम विवेचना की गई थी कि हाकिमों के मन में सन्देह उत्पन्न हो गया।” श्री प्रेमचन्द्र जी ने लम्बे चौड़े वाक्यों का सर्वत्र प्रयोग नहीं किया है। परन्तु अवस्था आजाने पर आपने वाक्योच्चय का ही प्रयोग किया है। आप इस बात को अच्छी तरह जानते हैं कि आवश्यकता या अवस्था से अधिक लम्बे चौड़े वाक्यों के प्रयोग करने से पाठक ऊब जाता है। शब्दों पर पूर्ण अधिकार होने के कारण आप कठिन से कठिन भाव सरल शब्दों और छोटे वाक्यों द्वारा सरलता से समझाते हैं। इस प्रकार इनकी रचना की सुन्दरता त्रिगुण हो गई है। जैसा कि पहले लिखा गया है आपने प्रचलित संस्कृत और फारसी का भी जहाँ तहाँ प्रयोग किया है, परन्तु कहीं कहीं उर्दू और संस्कृत की खिचड़ी पकाई है—

“उन्होंने जाहूवी द्वारा सारी कथा बयान कर दी” पर ऐसी अवस्था सर्वत्र नहीं है। आपने वाक्यों की रचना में पर्याप्त ध्यान दिया है। शब्दों का संगठन तथा भाषा की प्रौढ़ता सर्वत्र दिखलाई पड़ती है। श्री प्रेमचन्द्र जी समीकृत वाक्यों का भी प्रयोग करके अपनी रचना शैली की सुन्दरता बढ़ाये हैं। वाक्योच्चय और समीकृत वाक्यों में बहुत कम अन्तर है। जब किसी वाक्य के वाक्यांश एक से रूप और आकार के होते हैं, तब उन्हें समीकृत वाक्य कहते हैं। इसे स्पष्ट करने के लिये हम एक उदाहरण देते हैं—“चाहे हमारी निन्दा हो चाहे स्तुति, चाहे हमारी आज ही मृत्यु हो, चाहे हम अभी वर्षों जिपे”, चाहे हमें लक्ष्मी स्वीकार करे, चाहे हमारा सारा जीवन दारिद्र्यमय हो जाय, परन्तु जो व्रत हमने धारण किया है उससे हम कभी विचलित न होंगे।”

वाक्यों में सब से अधिक ध्यान देने की वस्तु अवधारण का संस्थान है, अर्थात् इस बात का ध्यान रखना चाहिये कि वाक्य में किस बात पर अधिक जोर देना चाहते हैं और उसका प्रयोग कैसे होना चाहिये। श्री प्रेमचन्द्र जी ने इस बात पर पर्याप्त ध्यान दिया है। आप जिस बात पर जोर देना चाहते हैं उसे वाक्य के आदि और अन्त में रखते हैं आदि में रखने से वह पहले ही ध्यान को आकर्षित करती है और अन्त में रहने से स्मृति में अधिक काल तक ठहरती है।

श्री प्रेमचन्द्र जी ने यत्र तत्र ऐसे ऐसे वाक्यों का भी प्रयोग किया है जिसमें व्यंग्यार्थ रहता है। हमारे शास्त्रियों ने यह निश्चय किया है कि सब से अधिक चमत्कार इसी के द्वारा आ सकता है। अब हमको केवल श्री प्रेमचन्द्र जी के पदविन्यास के संबंध में कुछ विचार करना है। पदों से हमारा तात्पर्य वाक्यों के समूहों से है। किसी विषय पर कोई ग्रंथ लिखने का विचार करते ही

पहिले मुख्य मुख्य विभाग कर लिये जाते हैं जो आगे चल कर परिच्छेदों या अध्यायों के रूप में प्रकट होते हैं। श्री प्रेमचन्द जी के पदविन्यास विशेषतः वियोजक शब्दों से संगठित हैं। मनुष्य की अन्तः प्रकृति का जो विश्लेषण और विन्यास तथा चरित्र-चित्रण की जो अकृत्रिमता इनकी रचनाओं में मिलती है वह पहिले के किसी भी उपन्यासकार में नहीं पाई जाती। संक्षेप में प्रेमचन्द जी की शैली प्रसादात्मक और रागात्मक गुणों का संमिश्रण है पर रागात्मक शैली की व्यंजना में ये विशेष सफल हुये हैं।

आप सामाजिक उपन्यास लिखते हैं और समाज की बुराइयों का दिग्दर्शन अपने पाठकों को कराते हैं। अश्लील बातों को वह अपनी कृतियों में स्थान नहीं देते। उनकी पुस्तकों के पढ़ने से हृदय को शान्ति और दिमाग के लिये पर्याप्त भोजन मिलता है। आप अपनी आख्यायिकाओं द्वारा समाज को बहुत लाभ पहुँचाते हैं। समाज की बुराइयों को स्वाभाविक रूप देते हुये इस प्रकार से वर्णन करते हैं कि हृदय पर उनकी एक गम्भीर लकीर पड़ जाती है। वे फिर कभी भूलते नहीं। आप कभी सेवा सदन द्वारा विधवा विवाह पर ज़ोर देते हैं। और कभी प्रतिज्ञा जैसी पुस्तकों द्वारा आज कल की बहुओं की कमज़ोरी दिखलाते हैं। हिन्दी उपन्यास-संसार में श्री प्रेमचन्द जी की बराबरी करने वाला कोई नहीं है। इनकी गणना आज कल सब से उत्तम उपन्यासकारों में की जाती है।

पशुपति नाथ गुप्त
IV. Form (arts.)

‘द्युत-देव’ का जीवन चरित्र।

उस सर्वज्ञ, सर्वरक्षक, सर्वव्यापक, सच्चिदानन्द-स्वरूप, सर्वशक्तिमान, जगदुत्पादक, सृष्टिकर्ता परमेश्वर की लीला विचित्र है। इस मायामय संसृति में सुर-असुर; सत-असत; सद्गुण-अवगुण आदि दो भिन्न वस्तुओं की रचना कर परस्पर वैमनस्य-भाव उत्पन्न कराने का क्या प्रयोजन? शेष-महेश-दिनेश-सुरेश जब उस जगन्निर्यता की माया का ज्ञान न प्राप्त कर सके तो यह अल्प-बुद्धि-जीव किस भाँति उसकी सृष्टि का ओर-छोर पा सकता है। सृष्टि के प्रारम्भ-काल से ही उसके त्रिकालबाधित नियमानुसार अनेक महानुभावों का यह हार्दिक प्रयत्न रहा है कि संसृति से सद्गुणों का सर्वनाश हो जाय और वे अवनीतल पर अखंड राज्य करें, परन्तु उस निराकार निर्विकार न्यायकारी सर्वेश्वर ईश्वर के सृष्टि-चातुर्य के सन्मुख उनकी दाल न गली। ऐसे महानुभावों में महात्मा ‘द्युत देव’ का भी एक उच्च स्थान है।

महात्मा ‘द्युतदेव’ के पूज्य पिता लोभचन्द और स्नेह-मयी माता ईश्या-देवी की उत्पत्ति सृष्टि के आरम्भ में ही हुई थी। शैशवकाल के साथ ही सतयुग

काल होने से यह दम्पति अपने प्रकाण्ड-प्रताप का प्रभुत्व न प्रकट कर सका। फिर भी उसने इन्द्र-वेप में हरिश्चन्द्र ऐसे धार्मिक-सत्यवादियों की अच्छी खबर ली। त्रेतायुग में दैत्य-दरबार में इस दम्पति की अच्छी प्रतिष्ठा हुई और वे सुर-नर-मुनि पर आक्रमण करने लगे। अनुमान से पता लगता है कि शायद इसी काल में इसी पवित्र भूमि भारतवर्ष में हमारे चरित्र-नायक महात्मा द्यूत देव का जन्म ईर्ष्या-देवों के उदर से हुआ है। आप के जन्मकाल के सम्बन्ध तिथि मिती आदि का पता बहुत अनुसंधान करने पर भी नहीं लगा है। विद्वान् ज्योतिषियों ने आप के माता पिता से भविष्य-वाणी की कि “आप महानुभाव की भाँति यह बालक भी कलियुग के प्रलय-काल तक जीवित रहेगा।”

माता पिता बालक की दीर्घ आयु सुन कर हर्ष से फूल कर कुप्पा हो गये। पंडितों को खूब पारितोषिक दे बिदा किया और पंडित गण भी प्रशंसा में उनके गुण गाने लगे। चन्द्रकला की भाँति बालक द्यूत देव बढ़ने लगे। माता-पिता के आतङ्क से सारा संसार द्यूत देव के रूप गुण पर मुग्ध होने लगा।

आपके स्वरूप और प्रभुत्व का प्रथम दर्शन माता पिता के शत्रु निषध-देश के राजा वीरसेन के पुत्र नल के द्वार में होता है और वहाँ आप नल के अनुज पुष्कर का पक्षपात कर नल की दुर्दशा कर उसे रथ वाहक होने पर बाध्य करते हैं।

द्वापरयुग में आप की खूब धाक जमी। भारतवर्षी कौरव-पति दुर्योधन के राज्य में आप ने बड़ी प्रतिष्ठा प्राप्त की। यहाँ भी माता पिता के घोर शत्रु युधिष्ठिर को राज्यच्युत कर १३ वर्ष के लिये वनवास भेज दिया।

कलियुग में तो आप नगर-निवासियों के अवगुणाधीश्वर ही बन बैठे। गवर्नमेंट के पुलिस कर्मचारी यदि मार्ग में कण्टक न होते तो शायद आप अपने प्रिय उपासकों की नाक में दम कर देते। बेचारे उपासकों को प्रति वर्ष कार्तिक की अमावस्या तथा शुक्ल एकदशी को आप की उपासना में दिन रात्रि जागना पड़ता है। उस काल वे “तन-तिय-तनय-धाम-धन धरणी। मित्र सहित सातों सुख वरणी॥” को त्याग केवल आप की उपासना और प्रसन्नता में ही अपना सुख समझते हैं। परन्तु आप उन्हें निराश और उदासीन कर देते हैं। उनका जीवन दुःखमय हो जाता है। क्या यही आप को उचित है?

महात्मा द्यूत देव का प्रभुत्व-सूर्य दिन दिन प्रकाशित ही होता जा रहा है। इतने ही समय में आप के कारण “पाँच रूप पांडव भये रथ वाहक नलराज।” कितने लोग श्रीकृष्ण-जन्म-स्थान की हवा खा रहे हैं कितने घर बार बँचकर पृथ्वी पर नाक रगड़ रहे हैं।

महात्मा जी की अप्रसन्नता के कारण अधिक लिखने को साहस नहीं कर सकता! परम-पिता परमात्मा “द्यूत देव” जी को शीघ्र मोक्ष प्रदान करें और आप को सुबुद्धि दें ताकि अधिक अत्याचार से पृथ्वी माता के भार को अवहान न कर सकें।

वासुदेव दुबे

II, form.

“प्रेमद्वादशी में प्रेमचन्द जी”

हिन्दी-साहित्य-क्षेत्र में प्रेमचन्द जी का स्थान गद्य के सर्वोच्च लेखकों में है। उनके उपन्यासों का तो हिन्दी के विद्वानों की दृष्टि में आदर है ही, उनकी कहानियों से केवल हिन्दी के अन्तर पहचानने वाले ‘अनपढ़ भट्टाचार्य’ भी लाभ उठाकर उनकी भूरि भूरि प्रशंसा करते हैं। इसका कारण कदाचित् उनकी भाषा की सरलता है। भाषा की सरलता के कारण ही एक साधारण मनुष्य के मस्तिष्क को शब्दों तथा अलङ्कारों के हेरफेर में न पड़ कर आनन्द और विनोद की प्राप्ति होती है।

प्रेमचन्द जी ने अत्यन्त ही बुद्धिमत्ता से अपने विषय के लिये इस प्रकार की भाषा को चुना है। यदि ऐसी भाषा में और इसी उद्देश्य से वे नाटकादि ग्रन्थ लिखते तो कदाचित् सफल न हो सकते, और यदि कहानियों के लिये भी बाबू जयशङ्कर प्रसाद जी या बाबू श्यामसुन्दरदास जी के सदृश्य कठिन और साहित्यिक भाषा का प्रयोग करते तो उनकी आख्यायिकाओं से समाज इतना लाभ न उठा सकता।

प्रेमचन्द जी प्रशंसा के भाजन एक और कारण से भी हैं। हिन्दी-क्षेत्र में पदार्पण करने के पूर्व वे उर्दू के लेखक थे, परन्तु उन्होंने हिन्दी को अपनाकर शीघ्र ही इसमें योग्यता प्राप्त कर ली। उनके उपन्यासों और आख्यायिकाओं में भाषा की सरलता के अतिरिक्त अन्य और भी विशेष गुण हैं, जिनका इस स्थान पर उल्लेख नहीं किया जा सकता है। पर यहाँ हम प्रेमद्वादशी का थोड़ा सा विवेचन कर उसके विषय में अपना मत निर्धारित करेंगे।

प्रेमद्वादशी में प्रेमचन्द जी हमारे सन्मुख एक उपदेशक के रूप में उपस्थित होते हैं। इनका भी सभी मान्य लेखकों और कवियों की भांति अपने लेखों में एक गुप्त उद्देश्य रहता है, परन्तु हमें दुख होता है कि इस उद्देश्य की पूर्ति के लिये प्रेमचन्द जी ने एक कंटकाकीर्ण मार्ग ही ग्रहण किया है।

घन्य-पशु भी ताड़ना से, या प्रहार से बिगड़ उठते हैं, परन्तु मधुर सुरीली तान से वशीभूत हो जाते हैं। कुछ मास व्यतीत हुये कि यू० पी० लेजिस्लेटिव कौंसिल में चिन्तामणि जी ने अपने व्याख्यान में कहा था, “Repression only inflames where conciliation can—not sooth.” यह कथन सर्वत्र घटित होता है। समाज-सुधार में भी इसकी बहुत कुछ सत्यता है। व्यङ्ग्य रूपी अस्त्र से समाज की धधकती ज्वाला कभी शान्त नहीं हो सकती है। प्रायः सभी कहानियों में प्रेमचन्द जी का उद्देश्य सामाजिक सुधार रहा है। ‘सत्याग्रह’ आदि कुछ कहानियों में तो विषय भी सामाजिक सुधार रहा है। ‘सत्याग्रह’ को ही लीजिये। क्या इस कहानी में प्रेमचन्द जीको समाज-सुधार के लिये मोटे-राम शास्त्री ही नहीं घरन् सम्पूर्ण ब्राह्मण-मण्डली को अपमानित करने के अतिरिक्त कोई अन्य साधन नहीं मिला? क्या इस प्रकार के व्यङ्ग्यों द्वारा जाति

जाति में भयानक द्रोह रूपी ज्वाला सुलगकर वे समाज-सुधारक का उच्च पद पा सकते हैं ? कदापि नहीं । इस कहानी में और भी अनेक दोष हैं जिनसे साहित्य में गन्दगी के प्रवेश करने का भय है । किसी किसी स्थान पर तो प्रेमचन्द जी Shakespearean clown के रूप में प्रकट होते हैं, और कहीं कहीं महात्मा गान्धी की गम्भीरता का अनुकरण करने की चेष्टा करते हैं । भला जहां हंसी और मसखरापन वहां गम्भीरता कैसी ? कहानी का शीर्षक तो 'सत्याग्रह' जिससे पाठक की जिज्ञासा १६२० और २१ के सत्याग्रह की ओर अग्रसर होनी है और विषय 'मोटेराम का लड्डू उड़ाना' या कुछ और ही इस प्रकार से पाठक की जिज्ञासा को अघात पहुंचता है और लेखक का उद्देश्य पूरा नहीं हो सकता ।

पञ्चपरमेश्वर के अतिरिक्त अन्य कहानियों में हम एक और ही दुःखप्रद बात पाते हैं । प्रायः सभी कहानियों में चरित्रों का दिग्दर्शन एक ही रूप में किया गया है । आरम्भ में तो प्रेमचन्दजी चरित्रों को सामान्य मार्ग पर बढ़ाते चलते हैं और बीच में एक आश्चर्यजनक असाधारण घटना का सन्निवेश कर चरित्रों के जीवन का अनोखा ही परिवर्तन कर देते हैं । 'बैंक का दिवाला' में कुँआर जगदीस, 'शांति' में बाबू जी, 'आत्मराम' में महादेव, 'शंखनाद' में गुमान का यही हाल हुआ है । यदि एक या दो स्थानों पर आश्चर्यजनक घटनाय जीवन में परिवर्तन कर दें तो कोई असम्भव बात भी नहीं, परन्तु सर्वत्र तो यह हो नहीं सकता । मानव-जीवन में जितनी समानताएँ हैं उनसे कई गुनी असमानताएँ भी हैं । कदाचित् प्रेमचन्द जी ने इस पर भली भाँति विचार नहीं किया । जब सभी आख्यायिकाओं में घटनाओं और चरित्रों का एक ही समान दिग्दर्शन हो तो उनमें विशेषता और मनोविनोद ही क्या रहा ? चार्ल्स गार्विस के उपन्यासों की भाँति वे तो मस्तिष्क को थकावट ही देंगी । ऐसी कहानियों से जिनमें नवीन भावों का अभाव है साहित्य की वृद्धि नहीं हो सकती । किसी किसी स्थान पर तो प्रेमचन्द जी बड़ी उटपटाँग बातें लिख गये हैं । 'दुर्गा का मन्दिर' में हम पढ़ते हैं कि गोरेलाल और ब्रजनाथ बहुत दिनों से मित्र थे । ऐसी दशा में क्या ब्रजनाथ गोरे लाल की प्रकृति और आदतों से अपरिचित रह सकते थे ? परन्तु प्रेमचन्द जी ब्रजनाथ को गोरेलाल का पड़ोसी और मित्र होने पर भी उसके स्वभाव से अपरिचित दिखाते हैं । ब्रजनाथ गोरेलाल को रुपया उधार देता है, और रात भर यही आशा करता है कि अभी रुपये लौटायेगा, अभी रुपये लौटायेगा । इससे यही विदित होता है कि प्रेमचन्द जी ने मानव-मनोविज्ञान की ओर विशेष ध्यान नहीं दिया ।

यद्यपि यहाँ हमने प्रेमचन्द जी के विरोध में कुछ बातें कही हैं परन्तु इससे यह अर्थ नहीं निकलता कि प्रेमचन्द जी में हमारी श्रद्धा है ही नहीं । उनके गुणों, समाज-सुधार की चेष्टा, तथा हिन्दी के उपकार के लिये प्रेमचन्द

(८)

जी में हमारी पूर्ण श्रद्धा है। उन्होंने हिन्दी-साहित्य सेवा का जो बोझ उठाया है उसके लिये हम उनको धन्यवाद ही नहीं देते वरन् उनके साहित्य-प्रेम की उत्तरोत्तर वृद्धि के लिये ईश्वर से हार्दिक प्रार्थना भी करते हैं। हमें पूर्ण विश्वास है कि प्रेमचन्द जी अल्पकाल में अपने दोषों पर विजय पाकर 'पञ्चपरमेश्वर' के तुल्य शिक्षाप्रद और जीवन की वास्तविक घटनाओं की कहानियाँ लिखकर हिन्दी-साहित्य का उपकार करेंगे।

C. S. Bhandari.

4th Form Arts.

फूल ।

माना तुम को मनुष प्रभू के शीप चढ़ाते ।
बना तुम्हारा हार तुम्हें सब गले लगाते ॥
किन्तु न क्या तुम कभी पैर से कुचले जाते ।
फुलवारी के फूल वृथा फूले न समाते ॥

जगत नारायण शर्मा

III Form (arts.)

प्रार्थना—

बड़े खेद का विषय है कि कालेज—पुस्तकालय की उत्तमोत्तम पुस्तकों अध्यापकगण केवल अपने ही अध्ययनार्थ अपने घरों में रख छोड़ते हैं। एक सार्वजनिक संस्था से इस प्रकार एक साथ ही प्रत्येक अध्यापक के हाथों ३०-४० पुस्तकों का उठ जाना और साल-भर उनकी आलमारियों में पड़ा रहना विद्यार्थियों के अध्ययन में अत्यधिक बाधक है। प्रायः ऐसे विभागों में जैसे हिन्दी, जिसमें पुस्तकों की संख्या बहुत ही न्यून है इस प्रकार की प्रणाली नितान्त अनुचित है माननीय अध्यापकों को इस प्रकार अपने अधिकारों का दुरपयोग नहीं करना चाहिये। उन्हें भी कुछ स्व-निर्मित नियमों का पालन करना चाहिये। आशा है वे इस पर यथेष्ट ध्यान देंगे।

कुछ निम्नस्तु विद्यार्थी

عید مہجور

خسرت ہے یہاں اُمید کیسی * رونا ہے اسکا دید کیسی
 روشن ہے یہ تہہ تہہ مہ نو خوب * جب دید نہیں تو عید کیسی
 زمانہ کو خوشی عید ہوگی * جسے ہوگی مبارک عید ہوگی
 ہم ایسے ہجر کے مارونکو لیکن * جب اُنکی دید ہوگی عید ہوگی
 تھا زمانہ کو انتظار عید * شکر ہے اُکٹی بہار عید
 ہو مبارک تمام عالم کو * لطف اندوزی بہار عید
 قدوائی - سکنت ایر آرٹس

شام

مرغزار	جوئبار	لالہ زار	آبشار
	پر بہار	خار خار	
	دیکھتا	چلا گیا	
آفتاب	بر زوال	رنگ آب	بے مثال
	بے نقاب	حسن یار	
	دیکھتا	چلا گیا	
دیدہ زیب	وہ فضا	دلغریب	وہ ہوا
	چرخ پیور	بے غبار	
	دیکھتا	چلا گیا	
سبز زار	پر سکوت	آبشار	پر سکوت
	پر سکوت	خار خار	
	دیکھتا	چلا گیا	
سرخ شوق	سرخ غرب	زرق برق	با غضب
	وہ شفق	وہ جوئبار	
	دیکھتا	چلا گیا	
یان یار	بار بار	چشم زار	اشکبار
	سوز ہجر	اور بہار	
	دیکھتا	چلا گیا	

قدوائی - سکنت ایر - آرٹس

غزل

کیا جانے کون شوخ ہوا مہسان دل
 کعبہ سے کچھ بڑھی نظر آتی ہے شان دل
 سودا ہے سر میں کس لئے بازار مصر کا
 یوسف ہے جسکے ساتھ وہ ہے کاروان دل
 آسان نہیں ہیں راہ حقیقت کی منزلیں
 دکھیں بچا بچا کے قدم سالکان دل
 تم واقعات لاکھ چھپاؤ تو کیا کلیم
 صورت زبان حال سے ہے ترجمان دل
 ابھرے ہیں داغ خندان ہے ہر زخم مثل گل
 پور اندنوں بہار پہ ہے بوستان دل
 ایف - اچ - رضوی - فرست ایر - آرتس
 پرنسٹن ہال

غزل

گھوارہ تمنا کا اختصار ہوتا * صبر و قرار کچھ تو پروردگار ہوتا
 صحرا نور ہوتا دیوانہ وار ہوتا * جب انتظار ہوتا دیدار یار ہوتا
 آرام گاہ آنکا میرا کنار ہوتا * وہ مجھ سے روٹھتے تو آنپہر نثار ہوتا
 کچھ نہ بھی اگر نہ ہوتا اُمیدوار ہوتا * تھو نظر تو آنکا سینہ کے پیار ہوتا
 یہہ مرتبہ تھا کیا کم سینہ فگار ہوتا * شہدا میں نام عالم جاکر شمار ہوتا
 سید عین العالم جہونسوی - عالم
 سکنت ایر - آرتس

کسی کی یاد

آہ! میری ہستی کیا ہے؟ میری وہ نا مراد ہستی ہے جو نا اُمیدی
 اور حسرت کے عشق سمندر میں غوطہ زنی کر رہی ہے اور بیکلی کی تیز
 موجوں نے اسکو نیم جان بنا دیا ہے - سمندر اس قدر وسیع اور عشق ہے کہ
 تہ اس کے ساحل کا پتہ ہے اور نہ تھاہ کا - آہ! کیا اس عالم میں مجھ سے زیادہ
 بد بخت اور بد نصیب کوئی اور بھی ہستی ہے؟ نہیں - ہر گز نہیں -
 صرف میں ہی ایک ہوں - میں وہ حسرت نصیب اور نا مراد ہوں جسکا
 کوئی لمحہ چہن سے نہیں گذرا - کوئی ساعت آرام سے نہیں گئی - دن

مہینہ ہوئے اور ماہ سال سے بدلے لیکن میڈری غمگین آنکھوں نے آپکا رخ
درشن نہ دیکھا *

تم بن جہاں کچھ نظر آتا ہے اور ہی
گویا وہ آسمان نہیں وہ زمین نہیں
سنتا ہے کون کس سے کہوں درد بیکسی

ہمدہم نہیں ہے کوئی مرا ہم نشین نہیں

آرزوئیں اور حسرتیں شریک غم ہیں - انہیں سے قلب بیچڑیں تسکین
یاب ہے - ہر وقت یاس سے ہم آغوشی ہے - بد قسمتی کے لق و دق میدان میں
یک و تنہا بے یار و مددگار وہ نور ہوں نہ کوئی مونس ہے نہ غمخوار - نہ
شفیق ہے نہ غمگسار میں وہ بدبخت ہوں جسکی مسرت کی گھڑی رنج و
صحن سے بدلی زمین وہ بدقسمت ہوں کہ جس کا نخواستہ کامیابی تسر
لانے سے پہلے ہی کاٹ ڈالا گیا - نہ موتا ہوں نہ جیتا ہوں - توپ توپ کر
رہتا ہوں - آہ کا یہ عالم ہے کہ بے مہرہ افلاک کو رحمہدلی سے بدل دیتی ہے -
اس کا اندوہگیں اور غمناک سوز سنکر فلک بھی سیاہ بادل کا لباس پہنکر
رنج ظاہم کرتا ہے *

جسوقت گذشتہ باتوں کی خیالی تصویر دماغ کے کیمرے میں کہنچکر
نظر کے سامنے آتی ہے - ایک بڑی نویت کو پہنچاتی ہے - سینہ صد چاک
ہوتا ہے - جگر پاش پاش ہوتا ہے - کلیجہ منہ کو آتا ہے - جب اس
خیالی تصویر کو اصابت کے دھوکے میں آکر اپنے آغوش محبت میں لیتے
کے لئے ہاتھ بڑھاتا ہوں - سب راز فاش پاتا ہوں - کل باتیں خواب و
خیال - ظاہر ہونے پر بس یہی معلوم ہوتا ہے کہ یاس و حوصلے نے ساری
امیدوں کو تہہ و بالا کرکے مجھکو غارِ الم میں ڈھکیل دیا ہے *

ہم جانتے تو عشق نہ کرتے کسی کے ساتھ

لیجاتے دلکو خاک میں اس آرزو کے ساتھ

احمد مبین خان - سکند ایئر - آرٹس

بیچاری بابل !!!

کیا شاخ گل پتہ پھول کے بیٹھی ہے عندلیب * درتا ہوں میں نہ چشم فلک
کو برا لگے صبح صادق کا وقت ہے موزن اذان دے رہے ہیں - فارس کے مشہور
شہر شیراز میں ایک عمارت جس سے صاحب خانہ کی امارت ظاہر ہو رہی ہے -
ایک کھلی ہرٹی فضا میں استعادہ ہے - اسکے وسیع صحن میں ایک بابل
ناشاد کا پنجواں دیوار سے لگا ہوا لتک رہا ہے - بابل بیچاری قنس کے ایک
کونے سے دوسرے کونے تک دوڑتی پھرتی ہے - گھر والے کچھ جاکتے ہیں کچھ
سو رہے ہیں -

آج اسکی قسمت کا فیصلہ ہونے والا ہے ۔ یانو ہمیشہ کے لئے قید اور تنگ قفس کے چار کونے یا ہمیشہ کے لئے آزاد اور گلشن وسیع کے چار کونے - قسمت نے یاد دہانی کی پنجپڑے کی نیچے والی تیلیاں اسکے زور زور سے پھڑ پھڑانے سے ٹوٹتی ہیں بلبل اپنے قفس کو خیر باد کرتی ہے اور منقیر پر جا بیٹھتی ہے - اُسے یہ نہیں معلوم کہ میرا مدت کا چھوٹا اشیان کس چمن میں کس رخ کو ہے مگر خیر !! دو گھنٹے لگنا تار اڑنے کے بعد وہ ایک دریا کے کنارے سے لگنا ہوا ایک باغ دیکھتی ہے - مہینوں کی چھوٹی - آفت کی مادی بلبل افتاں و خزاں زمین پر آئی ہے -

اُسکے دماغ میں اُسکے محبوب سے ملنے کا خیال سسا رہا ہے پس اپنے کو دریا کی چڑھتی اترتی لہروں میں غوطہ دیتی ہے - خوب پر کھول کھول کر غسل کرتی ہے - پھر لب جو بیتکھر اپنی چونچ سے اپنا سنگار کرتی ہے - سامنے ہی ایک گلاب کا درخت ہے - جس میں کچھ کلیاں نیم شکستہ ہیں بہت سے پھول ہیں اور کچھ پھول پڑمردہ نظر آتے ہیں جنکی ایک آدہ پتھرتی بھی گر چکی ہے - بلبل دیکھتی ہے اور اپنے خاص وطن کو رہ کر یاد کرتی ہے - کہ ہاے میں کہاں سے کہاں نکل آئی ہوں اور زبان حال سے ایک درد پھری آواز میں کہتی ہے -

اجازا موسم گل ہی میں اشیان میرا * الہی توت پڑے تجھے پتہ آسمان صیاد اُن گری ہوئی کلیوں اور پتھریوں پر افسوس کرتی ہے - آنکھ سے کچھ قطرات نکلتے ہیں مگر تھوڑی دیر بعد دوسری تازی کلیوں کو کھلتا ہوا دیکھتی ہے اور خوش ہو کر شاخ گل پر جا بیٹھتی ہے - چاند منٹ تک لبوں پر مہر خاموشی لگائے بیٹھی تھی کہ دفعۃً باغ کی ہرروش کے کنارے کنارے گل کو تخت شاخسار پر جلوۂ آرا دیکھتی ہے - پریشانی اور بیتابی کی حالت میں بیٹھی بیٹھی کہتی ہے کہ یا الہی ! ایک میں اور ہزاروں گل - کہاں جاؤں اور کس کس کے پاس جاؤں -

”اس مرتبہ پھر آگ لگادی بہانے“

دل میں ارادہ کرتی ہے کہ آؤ ! اس نیچے والی شاخ کی کلی کے پاس بیٹھکر دنیا کا مزہ لوٹوں - چھکے چھکے بلبل شاخ پر کھسکتی ہے اور اُس کے قریب جا بیٹھتی ہے - بلبل کی اس رفتار سے ظاہر ہے کہ وہ خیال کرتی ہے کہ ابھی یہہ کلی مصروف خواب ہے - ایسا نہ ہو کہ پتوں کی آواز سے اُس کی آنکھ کھل جائے اور میرا ”جگر گوشہ“ مجھ سے روٹھ جائے کچھ منٹ انتظار کرتے ہوئے ہیں اور ابھی تک بلبل کو یہہ خیال ہے کہ وہ سو رہی ہے - مگر پھر دل میں خیال کرتی ہے کہ شاید وہ مجھ سے روٹھ گئی ہے اگر سوتی ہوئی تو اب تک جاگ اُٹھتی - بس یہہ سوچکر قدم آگے بڑھاتی ہے اور نہایت ادب سے یوں اپنے پیارے محبوب سے باتیں کرنا شروع کرتی ہے -

” کہ ایک مدت سے میں نا شاد تمہارے جمال دیکھنے کو ترستی ہوں ۔ اگر واقعی روقتہ کئی ہو تو اُسکی وجہ بیان کرو تا کہ اُسکا تدارک کروں “ ۔ کلی نے ذرا سی بھی حرکت نہ کی ۔ مگر کچھہ نسیم سحری کے چھونکوں کے باعث ہلتی ہوئی نظر آئی ۔ پر جواب کچھہ نہ ملا ۔ بلبل کو پھر سے سب راگ گانا پڑتا ہے اور کہتی ہے کہ اے مایہ ناز مجھے اپنی ملامت کے نشاںوں کا حذف نہ بنائیگا ۔ لہ اے نکتہ چین الفاظ کے نیڑوں سے میرے سہلے کو فکار نہ کیجئے گا اور اپنی گرم نگاہوں کے شعلہ نما تاروں کی چھریوں سے میرے بھولے بھالے اور معصوم جاذب طبع کو لہو لہان نہ فرمائیںگا ۔ ” اتنی لمبی تسہید نے اُبتو کلی کا دل پگھلا دیا ہے متوجہ ہو کر کہتی ہے کہ ” اچھا کہو کیا چاہتی ہو ؟ “ ۔ اس کے جواب میں بلبل بہت ہی صبر کے طوفان کو روک کر کہتی ہے کہ میرا خدا گواہ ہے ۔ میں خود چاہتی ہوں ۔ میرا جی چاہتا ہے ۔ میری چاہ کی یہہ چاڑ ہے کہ آپکو اپنے دلی احترام اور عزت کے ساتھ مخاطب کروں ۔ مگر دل کو کیا کروں وہ میرے بس کا نہیں ۔ وہ میرے قابو میں نہیں ۔ اُس کی باگ تو آپ جیسی ملکہ حسن کے ہاڑیوں میں ہے ۔ گو ان لفظوں سے آپ جیسوں کو مخاطب کرنا یتینا ہے محفل اور بے ادبی سے خالی نہیں مگر خدا کے واسطے دریائے الفت کے مد و جزر کو بھی نگاہ میں رکھئیے ۔ کہ جس جا (لوگ) ہر حرام و حلال اور ہر رنگ و عار کو اختیار کرتے ہیں “ ۔

کلی کے لبوں پر کچھہ مسکراہٹ معلوم ہوتی ہے اور نہ معلوم کیا سونچ کر کھل کھلا اُرتتی ہے گو یا کسی سرور کی حالت میں ہے اور یوں بربان حال کہتی ہے کہ اے ہزار داستان ۔ مجھہ سے آخر یہ چہیز چہاز کیوں ہے میں پھول تو ہو گئی تو نے مجھہ اچھی طرح سے سرے پیر تک دیکھ لیا پھر کیوں اپنی زبان کو تکلیف دیتی ہے ۔

بلبل کا ظرف صبر و تحمل اب لبریز ہو چکا ہے اور قریب ہے کہ چھلک اُٹھے مگر پھر کہنے لگی کہ میں کیا ۔ میری حقیقت کیا اگر کوئی آپکے متوالی آنکھ کے گلابی دورے دیکھے تو صبر نہیں کرسکتا ۔ اگر کوئی وارفتہ طبع شوریدہ سر بیقرار اور خود رفتہ ہوسکتا ہے اور اگر سنجیدگی اور متانت کا دراپ سین مسکن ہے تو یقین کیجئے کہ آپ کا یہ صرف پیکر دیکھکر بے دل کا آدمی بیخود سرشار ۔ اور مخمور ہوسکتا ہے ۔ اور اُس کے سنجیدہ متین انداز و طرز میں ایک بے شبہ تلاطم برپا ہوسکتا ہے ۔ آپ کی مہسان نوازیوں کے ہم قربان ۔ آپ دل موہنے ۔ جی لبھارنے ۔ من بھارنے کے بے شبہ رسیا ہیں ۔ اور جو کچھہ کہا جائے وہ جا اور کم ہے ۔

بلبل آگے بڑھتی ہے ۔ دن چڑھ چکا ہے ۔ آفتاب اپنی تیز گرم شعاعوں کو اُس ننھے نرم پھول پر ڈالتا ہے ۔ بلبل اس کے چاروں طرف کلیاں کرتی

ہے کبھی گلے سے لپیٹ جاتی ہے - کبھی اسکی پٹکھڑی کو چونچ سے بڑی نزاکت کے ساتھ چڑوتی ہے - کبھی پیول پر سے اوس چاقتی ہے اور سچ پوچھتے تو دونوں میں ان دلکشی اور دلربائی کے تمام اسباب کا موجود ہونا قدرت کا ایک کھپتا ہوا عطیہ ہے - ابھی دل کے ارمان نکلے نہیں ہیں کہ دیدیا قدرت نے تھیکہ باغ کا صیاد کو

موسم گلزار میں بلبل کو چپ ہونا پڑا

محمّد مونس متعلم فرست ایر (آرٹس)

خوشامد

مائی دیر سرور — میں نے اکثر لوگوں کو خوشامد کو برا کہتے سنا ہے - کہتے کبھی اپنے بھی سنا یا نہیں خیر چاہے اپنے سنا ہو یا نہ سنا ہو مگر میں آپکو یقین دلاتا ہوں کہ میں نے ضرور سنا ہے - لوگ خوشامد کو کیوں برا کہتے ہیں یہہ آج تک میری سمجھ میں نہ آیا - ایکروز کا واقعہ ہے کہ میں کالج رستورنٹ کے پاس سے گذر رہا تھا کہ ایک صاحب کو کہتے سنا کہ ”اماں ہٹاؤ اسکا کیا ذکر وہ تو چاپلوس ہے“ — ”چاپلوس“ کا لفظ سنکر میں تھر گیا اور اُن سے پوچھا کہ بھائی چاپلوس ہونے میں کیا برائی ہے - فوراً ہی ایک صاحب نے جواب دیا ”ارے یار چاپلوسی سے بڑھکر تو کوئی ذلیل کام ہے ہی نہیں - اس سے آدمی کی سیلف ریسپرکٹ جاتی رہتی ہے“ ایک اردو داں صاحب بڑی موجود تھے کہنے لگے کہ ”میاں ذرا سر سید کے مضامین تو دیکھو خوشامد پر کیا لکھا ہے اسکو کتنا برا بتلایا ہے“ چونکہ صاحب یقین مائے خوشامد کی لفظ ہی سے ’الفت‘ ہے لہذا میں نے یہہ برّواس زیادہ سنا پسند نہ کیا اور اپنے دل میں اُنلوگوں کی ’حسّانت‘ پر ہنسنا ہوا چل دیا - سرور صاحب میں آپ سے سچ کہتا ہوں کہ جو لوگ خوشامد کو برا کہتے ہیں وہ نہایت سادہ لوح ہیں - یہہ آج تک خوشامد کے بیشمار فوائد سے ناواقف ہیں - اچھی جناب خوشامد نا اہل کو اہلیت کا درجہ دلاتی ہے بڑے بڑے جرائم پر پردہ ڈال دیتی ہے - بے روزگاروں کو روزی اور ملازموں کو اعلیٰ عہدہ پر پہنچاتی ہے - دیکھتے نہ کپتان کی خوشامد کیجئے آپ تہم میں ہو جائینگے چاہے آپ سے کھیلنا آئے یا نہ آئے - نہیں تو کم سے کم ایکسٹرا ہوکر ٹور پر تو چلے ہی جائینگے - دوستوں کی خوشامد کیجئے تو آپ بڑے ہو دل عزیز درست بن جائینگے - پرنسپل صاحب کی خوشامد کیجئے تو ایم - اے - کے بعد کالج میں پروفیسر ہو ہی جائینگے چاہے آپ سے پوہانا خاک نہ آئے کلکٹر صاحب کی خوشامد میں لگے رہئے تو ایک نہ ایک دن قانون گو سے نائپ

تخصیصدار ہو رہینگے - غرضیکہ جناب خوشامد سے دنیا بھر کے فوائد حاصل ہوتے ہیں۔ پس سرور صاحب آپ ہی بتائے کہ اُن فوائد کے مقابلہ میں سیلف ریسپیکٹ یا خوداری اور آزادی عمل و خیال کی کیا حقیقت اور کیا حیثیت - لہذا جناب آپ بھی اگر 'دانشمند' ہیں تو خوشامد کا شیوہ اختیار کیجئے اور اپنے احباب و ہم جماعت اصحاب کو بھی یہی صلاح دیجئے اور اِس دنیا اور اُس دنیا دونوں میں 'راحت' حاصل کیجئے - دیکھئے چچا نظیر مرحوم فرما گئے ہیں کہ -

جو خوشامد کرے خلق اِس سے سدا راضی ہے

حد تو یہہ ہے کہ خوشامد سے خدا راضی ہے

والسلام

سری ناتھ لال

فردتھہ فارم آرتس

سنیسا کے محاسن و عیوب

(گذشتہ سے پیوستہ)

آپکو یہہ نو معلوم ہی ہوگا کہ سنیسا ایک آرت ہے اور اگر نہیں معلوم تو یقین کر لیجئے کہ آپ نے کبھی اصلی معذون میں طالب علمی نہیں کی۔ اِس لئے کہ آجکل استودانت وہی کہلاتا ہے جو ٹھیٹھ اور سنیسا وغیرہ کی ماہیت سے اچھی طرح واقف ہو - چنانچہ آئے دن اسکولوں اور کالجوں میں طالب علمی کی اسپرٹ ظاہر کرنے کے لیئے ڈرامے ہوا کرتے ہیں - بھر حال سنیسا کا آرت ہونا مسلم ہے آپ جانیں یا نہ جانیں اور یہہ بھی قریب قریب مانی ہوئی بات ہے کہ آرت کے دو مقاصد ہیں ایک تو یہہ کہ وہ انسان کو خرس کرتا ہے دوم یہہ وہ بنی آدم کی خامیوں کو درر کونیکا بہترین ذریعہ ہوتا ہے - اب تک تو سنیسا کے محاسن صرف اِس اعتبار سے بیان کئے گئے کہ وہ دلرنکو خوش کرتا ہے آئیے اب اوسکے دوسرے پہلو پر غور کریں -

آپ نے لفظ تجربہ تو بارہا کہا اور سنا ہوگا لیکن اگر میرا خیال غلط نہیں ہے تو آپ نے بلکہ ہم میں سے اکثر نے کبھی اِس کی حقیقت پر غور و خوض نہ کیا ہوگا - اور اگر آپ کو اس سے انکار ہے تو میں خواہ مخواہ اپنی بات کو اڑہ کرنا نہیں چاہتا مقصد یہہ ہے کہ یہہ بات ظاہر ہو جائے کہ تجربہ کس طرح حاصل کیا جاتا ہے اور صرف خاص خاص لوگ تجربہ کار کہوں کہے جاتے ہیں لوگوں میں یہہ عام غلط فہمی پھیلی ہوئی ہے کہ ہر بدھے کو تجربہ کار کہہ دیتے ہیں اور جو سن رسیدہ نہ ہو یا جس نے دھوپ میں بال سفید نہ کئے ہوں تجربہ کار ہو ہی نہیں سکتا - گویا یہہ

دونوں الفاظ مترادف ہیں۔ ہاں یہہ بیشک صحیح ہے کہ بڈھوں میں جوانوں کی بہ نسبت زیادہ تجربہ کار ہوتے ہیں لیکن اس سے نتیجہ نہیں نکالا جاسکتا کہ صرف بزرگوں ہی کو اس نعمت کا حامل بنایا گیا ہے۔ جوانوں میں بھی تجربہ کار پائے جاسکتے ہیں اور پائے جاتے ہیں۔ تجربہ عمر کی زیادتی سے نہیں جیسا کہ بعضوں کا خیال ہے بلکہ مشاہدات عالم سے حاصل کیا جاتا ہے۔ وہ آنکھیں جنہوں نے زندگی کے ہر ہر پہلو کو اچھی طرح ملاحظہ کیا ہے اور وہ دماغ جن میں معلومات کا کافی ذخیرہ موجود ہے اچھے خاصہ تجربہ کار کہلائے جاسکتے ہیں۔ اونکی عمر خواہ کتنی ہی کم کیوں نہ ہو۔ آپ مضمون کی بے ربطی سے گھبرا تو ضرور رہے ہرنگے لیکن میں بجائے معافی مانگنے کے اصل مقصد کیطرف رجوع کرتا ہوں۔ سنیسا میں انسان کی زندگی کے ایک نہ ایک پہلو کا نقشہ کھینچا جاتا ہے۔ کبھی ہساری زندگی کی اقتصادی حالت کا منظر ہساری آنکھوں کے سامنے پیش کیا جاتا ہے کبھی سیاسی حالت کا چربہ اُتارا جاتا ہے کبھی رعایا کا بادشاہ سے تعلق دکھایا ہے کبھی ظالم کی برہادی کا نظارہ آنکھوں کے سامنے سے گزرتا ہے غرض اسی طرح لاکھوں باتیں جو ہمارے روز مرہ کے وقوعات میں شامل ہیں لیکن جنکے جاننے اور ملاحظہ کرنے کے لئے مدت دراز کی ضرورت ہوتی ہے سنیسا کی مدد سے دو گھنٹے کے عرصے میں آنکھوں کے سامنے سے گزر جاتی ہیں۔ اور تھوڑے ہی دنوں میں ہم زندگی کے ہر ہر پہلو کو بخوبی سمجھنے لگتے ہیں۔ یا بالفاظ دیگر (اگر آپ اجازت دیں تو) تجربہ کار بن جاتے ہیں اور اگر آپ یہہ مانیں تو اتنا تو ضرور ہی تسلیم کرنا ہوگا کہ اس آرت کے ذریعہ سے ہم بہت کچھ جان لیتے ہیں۔

شیکسپیر کے غیر معمولی ڈراماؤں سے ہونے کی ایک وجہ یہہ بھی بیان کیجاتی ہے کہ وہ لوگوں سے برائیوں کو اسطرح دور کرتا ہے کہ خود اُنکو بھی نہیں معلوم ہوتا کہ وہ اچھائی کیطرف کیوں مائل ہوگئے یہہ تو آپ بھی مانتے ہی ہونگے کہ جہلا میں جو خامیاں اور برائیاں پیدا ہوجاتی ہیں اونکا دور کرنا آسان نہیں ہوتا۔ اسکی وجہ بھی آفتاب کیطرح روشن ہے۔ انسان کا کیوریکٹر درست کرنا بڑی چیز کتاب ہوتی ہے جو لوگ کتاب کے مطالعہ سے فائدہ اُٹھا سکتے ہیں اُنکو یہہ بخوبی معلوم ہوجاتا ہے کہ اخلاقی۔ اقتصادی اور سیاسی برائیوں کے نتائج کسقدر تکلیف دہ ضرر رسان ثابت ہوتے ہیں۔ لیکن وہ لوگ جو بدقسمتی کا تمنغہ یعنی جہالت ازل ہی سے اپنے ساتھ لائے ہیں بھلا کتابوں سے کیا فائدہ اُٹھا سکتے ہیں۔ نصیحتوں کے وہ زہین تکرے جو پڑھے لکھوں کے سامنے کتاب کی صورت میں جواہرات کیطرح پیش کئے جاتے ہیں ان بیچارے جاہلوں کے نزدیک ایک کنکری سے زیادہ وقعت نہیں رکھتے۔

[باقی آئندہ]

شاہ ریاض حسین